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HAUNTED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

All last night the ghostly roof-tree
  Creaked without my lattice pane,
And I heard, athwart the pauses
  Of the wild October rain,
Voices as of souls appealing
  From the darkness unto light;
Or of children lost and wandering
  In the dismal woods at night.

And my spirit, demon haunted
  By the memories of the past,
Leaned across the gloom to listen
  To the voices of the blast;
Striving vainly to interpret
  The wild passion of the rain,
And the ghostly moan and murmur
  Of the roof-tree at the pane.

'Neath my casement, tempest beaten,
  White chrysanthemums trailed and bowed;
Odorous woodbine wept above them,
  Like a silvery April cloud;
On the sward the crimson kalmias
  Showered their ruddy bloom like wine,
Wafting up their bitter fragrance
  Like the incense of a shrine;

And their subtle perfumes stealing
  Vague and spectral through the gloom,
Wove their Circean spells around me,
  In that memory-haunted room—
Stirred the tender love and longing
  That my dead heart used to know;
Woke the fiery pain whose passion
  Burned to ashes long ago.

* * * * * *

In the East a tremulous glory
  Fires the sombre woods with gold;
Crystal clear, the flawless Morning
  Round the kindling World is rolled;
As the wild hordes of the tempest
  Fly before the rising Day,
So the haunting ghosts that vexed me
  Melt in silver mist away.

UNKNOWN;
OR, THE
Mystery of Raven Rocks.

By **MRS. SOUTHWORTH,**
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &C.

CHAPTER V.
MUSA'S FIRST LOVER.

> He witcheth the world with noble horsemanship,
> And conquereth his steed with such an ease,
> [illegible]
> To turn and tame a fiery Pegasus.
> SHAKESPEARE.

Musa Percie was no light weight. She was what is called a very fine young woman. She came down heavily upon the stalwart chest of the English boy, and staggered him, strong as he was.

"I thank—I thank," she panted breathlessly, as she extricated herself from his arms—"I thank you very much."

"Oh, not at all," he answered, in some confusion. "I hope you are not injured?"

"No; only shaken out of breath," she smiled. "But you—you have endangered your life," she added gravely.

"Too happy in doing so," he answered, gazing with all his soul beaming from his bright blue eyes, upon her beautiful pale face.

He did not mean to be impudent; he could not help gazing.

A crowd had gathered around them.

"Is the lady hurt?" many people were asking at once.

"No, the lady is not hurt," at length answered Lord Gilbert, who still stood at the head of the now quiet horse, caressing and soothing him.

"I thank you more than I can express, sir, for words are poor in this case," said Miss Percie, with a graceful inclination of the head to Lord Cressy. Then immediately turning toward the bystanders, she inquired:

"Where is my coachman? Will some one please to see?"

There was a considerable stir in the crowd for a few minutes, but nothing resulted from it. No coachman belonging to the lady could be found.

"Him jumped off his box a mile down the avenue, and cut it like hevery think t'other way, Miss," called out a boy from the crowd.

"Then he has made the best of his way home, I suppose," said Miss Percie, in some embarrassment.

"If you will do me so much honor," began the young Earl, in some slight confusion—"if you will trust me to take your fugitive coachman's place, I will with pleasure undertake to drive you safely wherever you wish to go."

"Thanks," answered Musa, with a bow, "many thanks; but—"

She paused.

"You need not hesitate to trust my brother, Madam. He is a skillful driver, I assure you," put in Lord Gilbert, who still stood, like a groom, at the horse's head, and who probably considered that it was about time some notice should be taken of *his* good services.

"It is not that I doubt the gentleman's skill," said Miss Percie. "But—" And again she paused.

Lord Cressy, who now thought he understood the lady's scruples better than his brother did, began to feel in his breast pocket, and presently drew forth a card case and took from it a card, which he handed, with a bow, to Miss Percie.

"I fear, however," he said, with a laugh, as he saw her scrutinizing the little bit of pasteboard, "there is not light enough to enable you to decipher it. Permit me to name myself. I am Earl Cressy, a stupid young Oxonian, travelling with my brother and our tutor, for improvement. But I know how to drive a horse, and I can take you safely anywhere you may wish to go. Shall I have the pleasure of doing so?"

"With many thanks, Lord Cressy. I am Miss Percie, and I reside at present with my guardian, at the 'Poplars.' It is there that I wish to go," said the young lady, preparing to resume her drive.

The crowd began to disperse. No one had been killed, or was likely to be, "and the subsequent proceedings interested 'them' no more."

With much grace, the young Earl put the young lady in her carriage, and then took his own seat on the box.

"Go home and explain my absence to the doctor, Bertie," he said, as he took the reins from his brother's hands.

"Exactly," smiled Lord Gilbert, with a bow and a wave of his hand, as he watched the carriage turn away.

The remnant of the crowd, who had remained as long as there was anything to see, now moved off.

"I like that," mused Lord Gilbert Caux, as he sauntered onward toward his hotel. "It was *I* who saved the girl's life at the risk of my [illegible] the 'infuriated' animal at the extreme hazard of being knocked down and trampled to hash, all Cressy did was to receive the descending angel in his arms, at no risk at all—except of having his back broken by her weight," he added, with a laugh; "for, poor fellow, he was literally almost crushed by his happiness. But just fancy! *I*, who ran all the risks, and really conquered the horse, and really saved the girl, get no thanks, and no recognition even; while Cress, who did nothing but hand the girl out of the carriage, after it had been safely stopped, gets all the notice and all the praise, and the gratitude and smiles of beauty, and what not! And forgetting even to introduce me, he just packs me off like any other lackey to say that he'll not be home to dinner, while he drives off with the lady all glorious and triumphant. Elder brother like, he takes all the prizes and leaves me all the blanks. Well, dear old fellow, he's welcome to them. Only I am afraid he will get himself into a precious mess now. He is not half so able to take care of himself in an affair of this kind as I should be, even though he is my elder brother. He has had no experience such as I have had. Fancy a man living to the age of nineteen without ever having been in love before."

And the sage of eighteen laughed outright at the idea.

But by this time he had reached the entrance of his hotel.

He went up at once to the parlor occupied by his party, and there he found the gouty doctor seated in his arm-chair, reading the last number of the "Quarterly," while waiting for his dinner.

To him Bertie related the adventure of the runaway horse.

"And Lord Cressy has undertaken to drive the girl home. Dear, dear! dear me! how very irregular and imprudent! Was there no one else who could have performed that service?" testily inquired the tutor.

"No one offered to do so, at least," said Lord Gilbert.

"And no one knows who the girl is, or what she is," growled the tutor.

"We knew that she was a young woman in danger and distress. That was enough for Cressy, and for me," said Lord Gilbert emphatically.

"Oh, these boys! these boys! I never feel easy about them, except when they are in bed and asleep, and even then I never feel sure that they haven't left their door open to burglars, or the gas burning in a draft, within an inch of the bed-clothes," grumbled the tutor.

Bertie rang for dinner as the quickest means of stopping the old gentleman's mouth.

Meanwhile the young Earl, in the seventh heaven of happiness, drove on toward the "Poplars," whither Miss Percie had given him easy directions to find their way.

But very few words were exchanged between them. Conversation was not easy. He was sitting immediately in front, and a little above her.

"My guardian will be very grateful to you for the service you have rendered me, Lord Cressy," said Miss Percie.

"Believe me, this service, this privilege rather, gives me the greatest pleasure," said the young Earl—"a pleasure so great that, could I have foreseen it this morning, it would have made the whole day happy for me in its anticipation."

"You are very kind to say so. But indeed, my lord, I do not know what I should have done, or how I should have got home, if you had not so opportunely come up, and so kindly tendered your services," said Musa earnestly.

"I cannot but think that many, very many in that crowd that surrounded your carriage would have been happy, very happy, to have rendered you the same service, which indeed was a privilege. I only esteem myself fortunate in having been the first on the spot," said Lord Cressy fervently; and totally ignoring the important aid rendered by Bertie.

But indeed this was not because he wished to detract from Bertie's merit, or to claim too much for himself. The simple truth is that he forgot all about Bertie, and thought only of Musa Percie.

Miss Percie was smiling to herself as she observed, in answer to [illegible] last words:

"You think, Lord [illegible], that many would [illegible] you did to save mine. [illegible] not do it. The horse had run more than [illegible] miles, and my coachman had jumped off and left me to my fate. And no one tried to stop the horse until you rushed up. And even after he was stopped and quieted, and it was found that I had no coachman, no one offered to drive me home but yourself. No, Lord Cressy, I have no thanks to waste upon any one else. I am glad to give my undivided gratitude to you."

"It must have happened that none of your friends or acquaintances were present," said the young Earl.

Again Musa smiled to herself as she said, slowly:

"You are right, my lord. None of my friends or acquaintances were present. In truth, I have none. I am a total stranger in the city, Lord Cressy."

The Earl was silent from surprise. A few moments passed before he replied:

"I thought—that is, I fancied—you lived here."

"I have *come* to live here within a few days," she said. "But here we are at the 'Poplars,' Lord Cressy," she added, as they came up along the side of a low stone-wall, with a hedge growing up from the inside, above it."

"I see no gate," said the Earl, looking ahead.

"No; this is the south wall. Drive straight on until you get to the corner; then turn and drive along the east wall until you get to another corner; turn that, and drive along the north wall until you get to the gate, which is half-way down its length."

Lord Cressy followed her directions, driving slowly and carefully, for the road was very dark, the nearest lights visible being the lamps along the pavement that bounded the north wall of the Capitol Park.

When they reached the gate they found it standing wide open, and a man, with a lantern in his hand, waiting there, apparently on the watch.

"Is that Miss Percie?" inquired the sentinel.

"Yes, Selim," said the young lady, recognizing the voice.

"Master sent me out to look for you, Miss. He was feared something had happened."

"Something *has* happened, Selim, but nothing very serious. Has Barnes got home?"

"No, Miss; an't he driving?"

"I should think not. Go on with the lantern, Selim, and tell your master that I am coming."

"But please, Miss Musa, please, Miss, who's a driving? If I must tell master?"

"A gentleman. Now go on."

The boy Selim went on before a long a semicircular avenue, darkened by its border of evergreens, and leading through the heavily wooded grounds and up to the house.

The door was opened into the warmed and lighted hall, ready to receive them. And within the door stood the venerable form of Mr. Lyttleton Locke, waiting to welcome his ward.

"My dear Musa, I have been very anxious about you. And Selim tells me that there has been an accident," he said, as Lord Cressy alighted and handed out his companion.

"Not a serious one, though it certainly would have been fatal to me, if this gentleman had not come to my assistance," said Musa, as she ascended the steps and entered the hall, followed by Lord Cressy.

"This gentleman?" echoed the lawyer interrogatively, as he took the hand of his ward and looked at her escort.

"Allow me to introduce him. Lord Cressy, Mr. Lyttleton Locke," said Musa.

The two gentlemen bowed.

"I am very happy to meet you, my lord, and to thank you for the vital service you have rendered my ward, Miss Percie. I know your father, the duke, by reputation, as of course the whole world knows him, as one of the most enlightened statesmen and purest politicians of the age. I am glad to see his son."

Lord Cressy bowed, and thanked the speaker on the part of his father and himself.

Mr. Locke pressed him to enter the house, and led the way into the quaint wainscoted drawing-room.

And no sooner were the party seated, than the lawyer pressed the young Englishman to remain and do them the honor of dining with [illegible] a few minutes.

Well, it was *not in strict* etiquette, but the temptation was too strong. Lord Cressy remained.

Miss Percie vanished to make some change in her dress.

While she was gone, her guardian, who had not failed, even in the few moments they had been together, to observe the intense admiration with which the young Earl regarded Musa, and who was, besides, as deeply interested in the fate of his ward as if he had been her mamma, began to say to himself:

"Why not? He is an earl to be sure, and the heir of a dukedom. And she is the daughter of a commoner. But on the other hand, she herself bears an ancient name; for she is unquestionably descended from the Percys of Northumberland—I think I can even see the Hotspur spirit in her. And moreover, she is enormously wealthy, a circumstance not to be despised even by an earl. And if she must and will marry, it is infinitely better that she should marry in some foreign country, where her family tragedy is unknown, than in her native land, where it is sure to be remembered against her. Since she won't be a nun, we must try to make her a countess. Though she may abhor the convent, she may not object to a coronet. I must look after this love-sick boy, and as the girl has no mamma to manœuvre for her, I must turn myself into a match-making old woman for her sake."

While these thoughts were passing through the mind of the old lawyer, he was making himself very agreeable to the young Earl.

"Now that we are alone for a few moments, my lord," he said, "I should feel very much obliged if you would tell me about that accident, which I cannot regret, since it has given me the pleasure of your acquaintance, and of your services, for which I have so much to thank you."

Thus invited, the young Earl related the adventure, and in doing so remembered his brother's more dangerous share in the rescue, and gave him full credit.

"And the scoundrelly coachman jumped off and left her to her fate! He shall be discharged at once, even if he has not already discharged himself; for I fancy he will be ashamed to come back and show his face here again. You have saved a very precious life, Lord Cressy. For besides her value to the few personal friends who know her, she is the last of her race—in this country," gravely remarked the lawyer.

"'The last of her race?'" echoed Lord Cressy.

"In this country; yes, my lord. She is descended remotely from the Percys of Northumberland. Her branch of the ancient family has been in this country, however, for more than two hundred years. Her ancestor, Harold Cuthbert Percy, was among the earliest landed proprietors in the province of Virginia. The original grant of the land, sealed with the royal seal of James the First, is still extant."

"These items of family history are very interesting to me. They make me feel that in crossing the ocean to come to this country, I am but coming among my own kindred," said the young Earl, with as much sincerity as courtesy.

Before the lawyer could reply, the door was opened and Musa Percie entered, looking very beautiful and stately in her rich dress of black velvet, with point lace collar, sleeves and handkerchief, white kid gloves and diamond jewelry. One large solitaire sparkled like a star in the darkness of her hair.

Both gentlemen arose on her entrance. And Mr. Locke handed her to a chair.

Dinner was almost immediately announced, and the lawyer arose to lead the way to the dining-room. Lord Cressy offered his arm to Miss Percie and followed.

The old lawyer was an epicure. His greatest earthly pleasure was found on his table. His dinners were therefore always exquisite to the most fastidious taste. Even the young lover, though in the presence of his beloved, was allured by the rare delicacies to a thorough enjoyment of the meal. He said to himself:

"This old gentleman must have discovered the *ne plus ultra* of cookery, and secured the nonpareil of cooks. How the doctor would appreciate this."

And he determined to "navigate" for an invitation to dinner for the good tutor.

The dinner was also long in getting through. The lawyer liked to take each course slowly, and to converse a great deal while doing so.

He expressed a hope that the Earl would not leave the city before having seen all that there was to be seen of interest in it.

Lord Cressy, with an involuntary glance of adoration toward his beautiful neighbor at the table, declared that he certainly had no wish to leave Washington at present.

"You can see the public buildings and institutions at any time, my lord, but there is an event to come off on Monday which I think you will not be able to see again," said Mr. Locke.

The young gentleman looked interested and curious.

"There is to be a grand 'pow-wow' at the State Department the day after to-morrow."

The Earl looked puzzled and attentive.

"Ah, you don't know what a 'pow-wow' is. Let me fill your glass. A 'pow-wow' is an Indian council of war, or peace, as the case may be. Such a council of peace is to come off on Monday, as I said, at the State Department, between the chiefs of the Sioux Indians and their White Father, as they call our President. You may there see the native North American Indian in all the glory and ghastliness of his war paint, tomahawk, club and scalps, and you may hear him grunt and bellow in his native tongue."

"I should like much to witness the scene, but I should think strangers, and especially foreigners, would not be admitted on that occasion," said Lord Cressy.

"Some strangers and foreigners will honor that scene with their presence without a doubt. I know that the English Minister will be among the spectators. I shall take Miss Percie there; and if you will give us the pleasure of your company to the department, I shall be very happy to be your guide," said the lawyer, with a bow and a smile.

"The pleasure and the honor will be mine. I am very happy in accepting your kind offer, Mr. Locke," replied the young Earl courteously.

Miss Percie then arose and retired from the table, leaving the two gentlemen to their wine.

Lord Cressy, however, looked so uneasy at [illegible] each other in the drawing-room.

And the remainder of the evening passed very heavily and stupidly to Mr. Locke and Miss Percie, but very lightly and brightly to Lord Cressy, who was rendered so happy by the mere presence of his beloved that he forgot the flight of time until the striking of the hall clock startled him.

He then arose, smiling, to say good-night. And he secretly blessed the Christian American practice of shaking hands on a slight acquaintance, since, after he had grasped the old lawyer's knobby knuckles, it gave him the privilege of pressing Musa's soft palm.

"This contemplated 'pow-wow' is fixed for Monday afternoon. I shall do myself the honor of calling on your friends at Gadsby's on Monday morning. And perhaps I may be so happy as to persuade them to join our party on that occasion," said the lawyer, at leave-taking.

"Thanks. I am sure my brother and the doctor would be very glad to be present at such a novel and interesting scene," replied Lord Cressy.

"And, by the way, perhaps you would honor me by occupying my pew at St. John's Episcopal Church to-morrow. The sexton will attend you, if I should not myself be on the spot to receive you," added Mr. Locke.

"Thanks, once more. We shall be most happy. Again good-night," said the young Earl, bowing slightly to the lawyer, and with more empressment to the young lady.

Mr. Locke, however, followed him to the door, where there was a carriage, thoughtfully ordered by the lawyer, waiting to receive him.

"You have taken too much trouble, Mr. Locke," said the young Earl.

"By no means. You could scarcely have found your way on foot through this part of the city. To Gadsby's, Martin!" said the lawyer, smiling in self-satisfaction, as he saw his young guest into the carriage and gave the order to the coachman.

A rapid drive of twenty minutes brought the young Earl to his hotel. He dismissed the carriage, and hurried up to his rooms.

He found Bertie sitting alone in the parlor.

"Where is the doctor? Gone to bed?" he inquired.

"Of course; hours ago. Look at the clock! Look at the clock!" sang Bertie.

"I know it is late. After twelve! But you see, Bertie, I was persuaded to stay to dinner," began the culprit, "and so—"

"My good Cressy, you haven't got to give an account of yourself to me, but to the Doctor, you know. So stow all that, and tell me about the girl—the angel, I mean. What is she like—in her own home?"

"Oh, a magnificent creature, Bertie! Such a majestic figure! Such glorious eyes! Such a melodious voice! Such—" And so forth, and so forth, and so forth.

In a word, Lord Cressy expatiated on the beauty, grace, genius and accomplishments of his inamorata hour after hour without weariness, until he discovered that Bertie had fallen fast asleep under the infliction.

Then in disgust he woke his brother up, and they went to bed.

CHAPTER VI.
A PROPHETIC GAME OF CHESS.

> I have set my life upon a cast,
> And will abide the hazard of the die.
> SHAKESPEARE.

It was ten o'clock the next morning before the three gentlemen met at their breakfast table.

Dr. Bishop was unusually grave.

Lord Cressy knew that his tutor had a lecture all ready for him, but that he would not deliver it until after breakfast.

But Lord Cressy was determined to save him the trouble of delivering it at all. So, while they were still at breakfast, he began to talk fast. He first mentioned the invitation he had received for himself and his party to occupy the pew of Mr. Lyttleton Locke, in St. John's Episcopal Church, on that morning. And followed it up by asking the doctor if he would go.

"And pray, who *is* this Mr. Lyttleton

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1873, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

MUSA PERCIE INTRODUCING LORD CRESSY TO HER GUARDIAN.

Locke?” sourly demanded the doctor, who at this stage of the proceedings seemed determined not to be conciliated, and not to be defrauded of the pleasure of delivering his lecture.

“Mr. Lyttleton Locke is an eminent barrister of Washington, and the guardian of the young lady whose horse Bertie stopped while it was running away, yesterday,” answered the young Earl, affecting a coolness and indifference he was far from feeling.

“Ahem!” cried Bertie, as if he would have added:

“Oho! you give me *all* the credit *now*, do you, Cressy?”

“Well?” inquired the tutor, as if he expected his pupil to continue his explanation.

Lord Cressy wished nothing better just then than to do so. He gave a graphic account of the evening he spent with the hospitable lawyer, describing his quaint old house, his super-excellent dinner, his kindness in proposing to take their party to see the Indian “pow-wow” at the State Department, on Monday afternoon, his intention of calling upon them in the morning, and finally, ending as he had begun, his thoughtfulness in offering his pew to the strangers for that Sunday.

But in the whole course of his narrative Lord Cressy scarcely alluded to the one beautiful woman who occupied all his thoughts.

The impression he succeeded in making upon the mind of his old tutor was, that he, Lord Cressy, was charmed with the old lawyer, his house, his hospitality, and his kindness in proposing the party to be present at the “pow-wow.”

So Dr. Bishop “humphed” and “humphed,” and finally decided to accompany his pupils to church, and mentally deferred his lecture to some more appropriate occasion.

After breakfast the whole party went to “St. John’s.” There in the vestibule stood Mr. Lyttleton Locke, evidently waiting for them. He came forward and welcomed Lord Cressy, who introduced his tutor, Dr. Bishop, and his brother, Lord Gilbert Caux.

The lawyer then led the party up the middle aisle to his pew, which was immediately before the pulpit.

There sat a young lady, whom the lover recognized at once as Musa Percie.

She was occupied with her prayer-book, from which she looked up only for a moment, to acknowledge, with a grave bow, the entrance of the strangers.

They took their seats just as the rector began to read the service.

The young Earl had been religiously brought up in the Church of England, and he tried to abstract his mind from all earthly matters, and to fix it upon the word that was now being read. But one slight circumstance annoyed him so much that he could not do so. It was this:

Musa sat in the farthest corner, and gave her whole attention to the services. And in entering the pew, Dr. Bishop had taken the natural precedence of age, and had gone in first and taken his seat next to Miss Percie. He, Lord Cressy, had followed next, and after him Lord Gilbert, and lastly Mr. Locke. And now, during all the service, the corpulent form of Dr. Bishop sat, stood, or knelt between him and the young lady. And so enormous was this intervening object that he could scarcely get a glimpse of Musa.

He was so thoroughly vexed that he could give but a divided attention to the service, or to the sermon that followed.

When, however, at last, the benediction was pronounced, and the people were filing out of their pews into the aisles, Lord Cressy let his brother and the lawyer go out before him, and then he stood aside and squeezed himself up against a pillar to let the man mountain also pass him.

Then he found himself by Musa’s side. He could not resist the temptat[illegible] of [illegible]king to her and th[illegible] one [illegible]ugh they were still within the temple, and the valedictory was still sounding from the organ.

“I hope you feel quite recovered from the shock of yesterday,” he murmured, as he bent his head to catch her reply.

He was disappointed. She did not speak at all. She only nodded gravely. And he understood a rebuke from a high church girl for his talking there.

It was a slow progress out into the open air.

When they got there, they found their own carriages among others.

And then, while Lord Cressy lingered by the side of Musa Percie, and Lord Gilbert watched the people coming and going their several ways, the two old gentlemen conversed together.

Dr. Bishop, in reply to something that Mr. Locke had just proposed, said:

“I should be very glad to see those Indian warriors of whom you speak, Mr. Locke; but in point of fact, I have arranged to go with my young friends to witness the opening of Congress to-morrow morning.”

“There will be time for both. We can go to the Capitol in the forenoon and see the ‘assembled wisdom of the nation,’ at which you will be very much disappointed, for it is no more like your opening of Parliament, than one of our President’s mixed receptions is like one of your Queen’s drawing-rooms. But we can see it and get away at two o’clock, have time for a lunch, and then go to the State Department, and get there in good season to assist, if it be necessary, at the ‘pow-wow.’ After which I hope you will be persuaded to waive ceremony, and do me the honor of dining at the Poplars.”

It was difficult to resist the cordiality of the old lawyer, whom nobody could have suspected to be a match-maker in male attire. And besides, the epicurean dinner was a temptation to the fat doctor, who had declared the cookery at our hotels to be simply detestable, and so, after a little formal hesitation, he frankly accepted the old lawyer’s invitation.

Then with smiles and bows the new friends separated.

Lord Cressy handed Musa Percie into her guardian’s carriage, pressed her palm at parting, bowed, sighed, and withdrew to join his brother and his tutor, who were already seated in their hack.

“A very agreeable old gentleman indeed,” commented the doctor, as he settled himself in his seat.

“What do you think of the young lady, sir?” mischievously inquired Bertie.

“Magnificent beauty, but too dark. Looks like a half-breed,” said the doctor.

Lord Cressy was disgusted.

The next day their programme was literally followed.

They went in the forenoon to the Capitol, and saw the meeting of Congress, and heard the President’s message read. After such a lunch as the Capitol restaurant could furnish them, they entered a carriage and were driven to the State Department, where in one of the large rooms about a score of Sioux Indians were assembled, with their agents and interpreters.

The Indians were seated in a row on one side of the room.

They were all hideously painted, clothed in hides or high-colored cloth, decorated with human scalps and necklaces of teeth and claws, and armed with tomahawks, knives and clubs. They seemed savage and ruthless enough, yet one could not look upon them without pity, yes, and self-reproach too.

On the opposite side were seated the President, Secretary of State, clerk of the Indian Bureau, and several subordinate civil officers.

About fifty favored spectators, among whom were the British Minister and his friends and several ladies, were seated promiscuously about the room.

A gigantic chief, horrible in war paint and ghastly with scalps, was on his feet when our party entered. Seats were provided the strangers without disturbing the eloquence of the warlike orator who was then speaking. Not a word could the audience understand of the speech until the dark warrior sat down and his interpreter arose, and began:

“He says, your Excellency, that”—and so forth. The oration is not worth repeating. Nor was any other that followed.

Six or eight of these savage chieftains spoke and were interpreted in turn.

And when each had been permitted to speak his own mind, the President replied in a few kind words, which the interpreter rendered into their own language.

At the end of the conference, there was a general shaking of hands. Every spectator, who desired it, had the honor of joining palms with the red warriors.

From the State Department our English travellers went home to their hotel to dress for the dinner at the Poplars.

They found the cards of several persons who had called in their absence, and also a few invitations to dinners and balls awaiting them.

Lord Cressy had had but little opportunity of speaking to Miss Percie during the day, but he had been near her all the time.

At the appointed hour the three gentlemen drove to the Poplars, where they were cordially received by Mr. Locke and Miss Percie, and introduced to Dr. Hawes, the Rector of St. John’s, who had been invited to meet them.

Dinner was soon served. And to the disgust of Lord Cressy, the Rev. Dr. Hawes led Miss Percie in.

This dinner was even better than that one of Saturday which the young Earl had praised so much. It was a perfect triumph of culinary art. During its progress, Dr. Hawes expressed a hope that their English friends might make a long visit to Washington.

Dr. Bishop replied by announcing that himself and his young friends expected to leave the city for their Southern tour the next day.

A buzz of polite opposition met this announcement.

The dinner went on. And before it was quite over, the worthy tutor was brought into such an amiable state of satisfaction with himself and all the world, that he was persuaded to admit the possibility of their remaining a few days longer in Washington.

The gentlemen did not linger over their wine, after Miss Percie had left them. They soon rejoined her in the drawing-room, where tea and coffee were served.

When they had partaken of these refreshments, the service was removed, and card-tables were set out.

Mr. Lyttleton Locke proposed whist as a good heavy clerical game. And Dr. Bishop, Dr. Hawes and Mr. Locke sat down to one of the tables.

“We want another. Miss Percie, will you take a hand?” inquired Dr. Hawes.

“You will please to excuse me, sir. I do not know one card from another,” replied the young lady.

“Perhaps Lord Cressy will join us,” suggested Dr. Hawes politely.

“Oh, don’t!” exclaimed Dr. Bishop, holding up his fat hands in horror. “He is the most atrocious player. Nothing would induce me to accept him as my own partner, or recommend him as my opponent’s.”

Lord Cressy laughed good-humoredly, and said he was quite willing to be excused.

“Try Bertie—Lord Gilbert. He plays well, and he likes it,” said Dr. Bishop.

Bertie, with a smile, advanced to the table and took the fourth place, opposite Mr. Locke. The two doctors were the other partners. And the game commenced.

Lord Cressy and Miss Percie were “left out,” by no means “in the cold,” however.

“Perhaps you would like to have a game of chess, Lord Cressy,” she said.

“I would like very much to have one with you,” he answered.

He looked around and saw the chess-board, and arose and went and brought it himself, and placed it on the table at which she sat.

“You play, I hope?” he said, as he took his seat and opened the board.

“[illegible] little [illegible] guardian has [illegible] [illegible] but I have not made much progress. You will gain an easy victory over me,” she answered.

His eyes flashed as he looked up at her.

Love is very superstitious. He put a meaning on her words she never dreamed of, and he read a prophecy in them he never doubted. He dallied with the words and the prophecy.

“Shall I?” he asked, with beaming eyes. “Shall I, indeed, gain a victory?”

“Indeed I think you will.”

“Heaven grant it!”

“Why, what a selfish being you are! and frank as selfish.”

“I am very selfish in some things, and frank, I hope, in all things. And I pray for victory!” he breathed in low, ardent tones, as he gazed with adoring eyes upon her beauty.

She must have understood him, for she flushed up to the edges of her black hair. But as she was not the least bit in love with this honest boy, she soon recovered herself, and began to place her men.

“It is your first move, Lord Cressy,” she said, when she had finished arranging them.

“Thanks. That is as it should be. I shall try my very best to beat you, Miss Percie, for I have unintentionally set a life-stake on this game.”

“You speak in enigmas, my lord. But I shall also do my best,” answered Musa good-humoredly.

Lord Cressy made his move and waited with eager eyes.

Her gaze was fixed upon the chess-board, and her beautiful hand hovered like a white dove over her chessmen for a full minute before she made a move. Then she looked up and smiled.

“You are a very careful player, Miss Percie,” he said.

“I feel compelled to be, having so determined an antagonist,” she replied.

He paused long over his next move, and finally made it with a look of anticipated triumph.

She paused longer than before.

“*Gardez!*” he said with a pleasant laugh.

“I don’t understand you,” she replied.

“Your queen is in danger.”

“Oh!”

Her hand glided back and forth from one chessman to another some minutes, before she touched and moved one.

And thus, with long pauses between the moves, the game promised to be a protracted one.

Meanwhile the whist party at the other table were playing a close, silent, careful game. The two doctors had won the first game; the lawyer and the boy had won the second; and this was the third that was to decide who should win the rubber.

It was during one of the long pauses between the moves on the chess-board, that the chess-players were startled by a hearty laugh from the whist party.

It seemed that the doctors had been beaten, and were calling for a fresh deal and a new rubber and their revenge.

The cards were dealt again, and the players recommenced with renewed energy.

The slow game of chess was also drawing to a conclusion.

Musa Percie was looking very grave as her fair hand hovered over the chess-board. It was her turn to move, and she did not know how to do it without disaster.

Lord Cressy watched her in delight.

“You see that I shall surely capture your queen, Miss Percie. You have scarcely a chance left,” he exclaimed, in triumph.

“We shall see,” she said desperately, and made her move.

He laughed gleefully, and laid his hand on his king to give her a *coup de grace,* when the silver lamp that hung directly over their table fell with a crash.

Both started up from the shock, overturning the table and the chess-board, and scattering the chessmen.

“There is no great harm done,” said Mr. Lyttleton Locke, coolly rising from the whist table, and picking up the silver lamp. “Not a bit of harm done; nothing broken, and nothing spilled, consequently nothing injured; only a light extinguished, and a game spoiled,” he added, as he sat the table on its feet again, picked up the chess-board, and gathered the chessmen.

“Only a light extinguished, and a game spoiled,” repeated Musa, with a thoughtful look.

“Only a light extinguished, and a game spoiled,” echoed Lord Cressy, with a superstitious shudder.

“There, my lord, you and Miss Percie may begin anew, if you please,” concluded the lawyer, as he replaced the lamp in its bracket, and returned to finish his rubber of whist.

“What ever could have caused that lamp to fall?” inquired Dr. Hawes.

“I cannot think. There seems to be nothing wrong either in the lamp or the bracket. These modern necromancers would tell us that there are spirits about,” said Mr. Locke, as he took up his cards to rearrange them.

The young people did not resume their game of chess. They sat silent and inactive by the table. At length Musa smiled slightly, and inquired:

“What do you think of your victory *now*, Lord Cressy?”

He grew pale with intense earnestness, as he replied:

“A falling light prevented me from winning this game of chess; but—*fire from Heaven shall scarcely prevent me from winning the cause I have at heart!*”

“Oh, hush! hush! Such words are wild and wicked, my lord—about a silly game of chess too!” she added.

“Do you think it is only about a game of chess? Miss Percie, you *know* that it is not. You know, you *must* know the cause I have at heart—” He paused and gazed upon her with all his adoring soul in his eyes.

She could not bear the blaze of that blue fire. But she would not drop her own eyes under it. She threw up and averted her head.

“He is only a boy,” she said to herself, “and a very impertinent one also.”

“Miss Percie, have I offended you?” he inquired, in a tone of pain.

“No,” she answered, “but you surprise me. You forget, Lord Cressy, that I have only known you three days.”

“Only three days! Then the soul takes no account of time! In your presence I live—”

“The odd trick! and we have beaten the rubber again!” exclaimed Bertie gleefully, as he arose from the whist table and crossed to his brother’s side.

“And now, my young friends, it is really time for us to go. Our good friends here have beguiled us into very late hours,” said Dr. Bishop, as he moved his heavy body from his chair. “The carriage must have been waiting an hour. We must say good-night now, Mr. Locke, with many thanks for the kind attentions you have bestowed on us to-day.”

“They have afforded me very great pleasure, I assure you, sir,” said the polite host.

“And remember, we shall expect you to dinner, at our rooms, to-morrow evening,” added the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

“Miss Percie,” said Lord Cressy, in a low voice, “shall I have the pleasure of calling to see you to-morrow morning?”

“My dear Lord Cressy, don’t you see that we are waiting for you?” inquired Dr. Bishop, coming up and interrupting the *tête-à-tête* before Miss Percie could make any reply.

Lord Cressy repressed an impatient gesture, bowed over Musa’s hand, and joined the doctor.

In a few minutes the party had gone.

“What do you think of the young Earl of Cressy, my dear?” inquired the lawyer, as soon as he found himself alone with his ward.

“I think him a very forward boy,” replied Miss Percie.

“Boy! He is a year older than you are.”

“So much the worse then. I think him a very impertinent young man.”

“My dear Musa, you were brought up in a convent. You know nothing about the world.”

“That is why I am [illegible]ous to learn. My dear guardian, will [illegible] with [illegible] to-[illegible]row morning [illegible] furnished house at the West [illegible] were speaking of?”

“The one lately occupied by the Spanish Minister?”

“Yes.”

“My dear, it is a palace.”

“I want a palace.”

“But the cost of that house will be enormous. The extravagant rent has prevented any one from venturing on it since the Spanish Minister left it.”

“I am very glad to hear it, for now I shall be sure to get it; for I am determined to have it until I have time to build and furnish a yet more magnificent and splendid city residence.”

“My dear child, such extravagance, even in one of your wealth, would be madness, especially when—”

“*Hush!*” exclaimed Musa, with that look of anguish he remembered so well darkening her forehead and convulsing her lips. “Hush! I know what you are going to say, but don’t say it. I wish to forget it!” she cried, catching her breath. “If the dawn of my day of life was so dark and stormy, so much the more reason why its morning and noontide should be glorious and transcendent,” she answered, conquering a sob with a smile.

“Heaven grant that it may be so with you, my child,” said the guardian, who had begun to love his lonely ward. “Yes, I will go with you to see the house; and I will also see Mrs. Shrewsbury, and get her to call on you some day this week. Since you are so determined to live in your own house, you will require some matronly lady of unquestionable social standing to live with you, and assist you in entertaining company. Such a chaperone will be indispensable to you, who have no matronly female relative to protect you.”

“Yes, I know that, my dear guardian, and I thank you for thinking about it,” said Musa.

“Mrs. Shrewsbury is just the lady for the position. She is a very accomplished woman; a lady by birth and education. She was the wife of a Justice of the Supreme Court, who, being a pure politician and an incorruptible judge, left his widow and children without the means of support.”

“She has children then?”

“Two: a son, who is a lieutenant of cavalry, stationed at one of our distant frontier forts; and a daughter, who is at school in the Georgetown Convent. The son pays his sister’s tuition fees, and helps his mother also, out of his small lieutenant’s salary. The poor lady herself lives at a second-class boarding-house, and is always in pecuniary difficulties. Such a position as you can offer her will be a great blessing to her.”

“You interest me in this lady. I shall be delighted to be the means of improving her condition, at the same time that I secure to myself such a valuable chaperone,” said Miss Percie, as she stooped and kissed her guardian good-night and left the room.

The next morning, very soon after breakfast, Mr. Locke and Miss Percie went to see the elegantly furnished mansion that the heiress had set her heart on.

She liked it even better on view than she did on paper, and she desired her guardian, who was now her attorney, to make all the arrangements with the property agent who let the house, for her immediate occupancy of the premises.

When she reached home and went to her own room, she was followed by Cassy, who came with a card in her hand, saying:

“There’s a gentleman down stairs waiting for you, Miss.”

“Who is he, Cassy?”

“That Early young man, Miss,” said Cassy.

“That—*who?*” inquired Miss Percie, gathering her brows.

“That Early young man as was here yesserday.”

“Do you mean the Earl of Cressy?”

“Yes, Miss, that’s him, Early Cresses, which is a queer name for a young man, and reminds one of spring salad and sich.”

With a shrug of her shoulders, Musa laid off her hat and mantle, and went to receive the Earl of Cressy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The discretionary power of judges is very often little better than the caprice of a tyrant.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CLEAN YOUR WALK.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

“What a stormy day” said Leonora, as she stood at the window of her father’s elegant house. “Such a wet snow too. It always storms when I want to go out. I haven’t worn my sage green silk and velvet basque yet. I might as well have nothing but water-proof and rubbers if this lasts much longer. I hate snow. I can’t see the sense of snow. One like *this*, any how.”

“Bless us!” cried a small, piping voice at her shoulder. “Did one ever! As if there were nothing in the world but a vain girl and her finery for Providence to think of!”

Leonora turned her pretty head, but there was no one in the room. She looked toward the door; it was shut. The sofa was empty. Yet she had heard the words distinctly, and in an unfamiliar voice too. Who could have spoken?

“If you are looking for me, turn your eyes this way,” said the voice, “before the grate, in the light of this warm comfortable fire of yours, that so many poor folk would be thankful for.”

Leonora looked at the hearth-rug whence this voice seemed to come. There stood upon it a little toy chair, which her baby sister had left behind in her forgetfulness when she carried off her doll. It was a very small chair indeed, about eight inches high from the bottom of the legs to the top of the back; but in it sat very comfortably the most curious little person that Leonora, or any one else indeed, ever saw.

There was no beauty about this little creature. She was very sharp, and very old. She wore a water-proof cloak, with the hood turned over her head, a pair of long rubbers, and a white cap with a ruffle. In her hand was an umbrella nearly as big as herself, and her eyes were turned upon Leonora with a look of great disapproval in them.

“Oh!” cried Leonora. “Oh! who is that? I—I—I beg your pardon, ma’am; but I didn’t know—that is—”

“Want to know who I am?” said the tiny old lady. “Well, I’m your fairy godmother. I have a good many goddaughters, and I have not got round to you before. I thought I’d like to catch you on a rainy day, and so I have. Finding fault with the snow, eh! Why, you have no business to meddle with other people’s blessings. This snow is a blessing to one or two of my godchildren, I can tell you. I mean to show you what good the snow is. It fell to-day on purpose for my godson Tom. He’s worth ten of you. Come here. Catch hold of my hand. Don’t be afraid. I’ll bring you back again; piff-paff-puff, and away we go.”

And as the fairy said these words, she caught Leonora by the little finger and they flew together up the chimney.

“I’ve made you invisible,” said the fairy. “And as you see, the cold weather don’t hurt you, for my cloak is fairy water-proof, and you are well tucked under it. I’ve reduced you in size considerably, for it’s only your soul that is here with me, and that’s mighty small, as a general thing. You yourself, in your blue dress, sit by the window sound asleep, apparently. Don’t be scared. Whew! here we are;” and they stood on the steps of a tenement house.

“What a dirty place!” said Leonora.

“Pig-sty,” said the fairy. “No matter, it can’t hurt us. Come up stairs. Now there’s no dirt here, only poverty. This is my Tom’s home.”

They were in a bare floored room, with a neat white muslin curtain at the window, a clean patchwork quilt on the bed, and a couple of bunches of paper roses in two blue mugs on the mantel-piece. There were, besides two chairs and a little table; and the ceiling and walls were well whitewashed; but, ah! how poor it was!

In the middle of the room, a stout, coarse man stood before a very delicate woman, who was shedding tears.

“Pay me before night!” he cried, shaking his fist—“pay me the week’s rent, or I’ll set you out into the street. You needn’t tell me about your employer not having paid you for the shirts. It’s an old story that. My money to-night, or out you go.”

He banged the door behind him and walked off.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” sighed the woman. “Oh, Tommy, darling, what shall we do? He will put us out on the bitter street—I know him—he’ll do it. Oh, Tommy!”

Out of the corner came a boy of eleven years, whose toes were out of his boots and whose shabby clothes were much too small for him.

“Don’t cry, mother,” he said. “Don’t give up. May be we’ll have the money for him after all. There’s a deep snow, and it’s a very wet one too. And it’s clearing fast, and will freeze. They always have that kind cleaned away. I’m off with the old shovel, mother.”

“That’s my Tom,” said the fairy. “Now you see what I meant, Leonora.”

“Oh!” said Leonora, “so I do.”

“Ah, poor boy!” said the mother; “there’s bigger and saucier than he. Ten cents or a quarter won’t save us; but he’s a good child. Lord bless him.”

“He will,” said the fairy softly. “Come, Leonora.”

The boy was going out of the door with his shovel over his shoulder. The fairy followed.

“I’d like to take you along with me,” she said, “but they’ll think you are dead at home, if I do. Your sister is already trying to wake you up. I’ll drop you at home; but first I’ll tell you about my Tom. He will clear off the snow in four places, and earn forty cents. Then he will put in a ton of coal for a lady, and she will give him half price, because he’s a little boy, and it’s harder for him; and then she’ll give the extra quarter to her little boy to buy candy with. Serve her right if it makes him sick.

“Then, you know, he’ll have forty, and ten are fifty, and ten are sixty, and five, sixty-five cents. And then—you see I know everything that is going to happen—then an old gentleman will slip and fall on the sidewalk, and Tom, naturally a gentleman, will help him up. And he’ll take a notion to Tom, and Tom will tell his story to him—not in a begging way, but somehow it’ll come out. You see there’s no resisting fate. And the gentleman will set him to work in his office hard by; and to-night Tom will go home with money enough to pay the landlord, and buy his mother some tea and buttered toast.

“And the end of it will be, that Tom will be taken into the office, help his mother greatly, and in time make his fortune, and be a rich and highly respected man.

“The snow didn’t fall this morning to keep you from showing your new dress. Much the angels care for your silk dress. It fell to bring those two, Tom and the good rich merchant, together. And many another good thing comes of what may seem unpleasant to you, and I hope you’ll remember that hereafter, for here you are home again. Piff-paff-puff, down the chimney again. Don’t forget your godmother. Good-bye, Leonora.”

“Leonora,” screamed the little sister; “wake up, Leonora. There, your eyes are open at last. How sound you were!”

“Oh my!” cried Leonora, rubbing her eyes. “Do you think it was a dream? You didn’t see her, did you?”

“See whom?” cried the sister. “Come, it’s clearing off, and mother is going to let us go out, only we must wear rubbers.”

“I suppose it was a dream,” said Leonora, “but it might very well be true. And there are boys who look just like Tom cleaning off the sidewalk. Lizzie, when the boy at work at ours is done, I mean to give him something myself, out of my money box.”

And Leonora made up her mind to keep her dream to herself, only she knew she should always remember it when the snow fell, and the poor boys with their shovels rang at the door bell, and called out so impudently, she had said—so anxiously, she now thought:

“Clean your walk?”

WIT AND HUMOR.

A YOUNG man, who was vain of his personal appearance and genealogy, was telling how he got his nose from a celebrated grandfather, his mouth from an equally distinguished uncle, his forehead from his intellectual father, his eyes from his beautiful mother, etc., when a gentleman exclaimed, “Yes, yes, my dear fellow, that is all very plain; but what puzzles us is to discover where you got your unequalled *cheek!*”

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the Superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. “Dear me!” one of the visitors whispered, “what vicious looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?” “Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters,” blandly answered the Superintendent.

A WITNESS in a divorce suit kept referring to the wife as having a very retaliating disposition. “She always retaliated for every little thing,” said the witness. “Did you ever see her husband kiss her?” asked the wife’s counsel. “Yes, a great many times.” “Well, what did she do on such occasions?” “She always retaliated, sir.” The wife’s retaliating disposition didn’t hurt her any with the jurors.

A MINISTER in Connecticut having married a couple, the other day, the bridegroom asked what his price was. The pastor replied that the law gave him two dollars. “Well,” said the young fellow, “if the law gives you two dollars, here’s fifty cents more, so that now you have two dollars and a half,” and before the clergyman could recover from his surprise, the pair were off on their honeymoon.

NOTHING makes a Minnesota husband so mad as to fill his boots with buckwheat cakes in the raw, and then laugh at him when he pulls them on. Mrs. Smith of Winona will indorse this statement as soon as the swelling in her nose subsides sufficiently to enable her to read; for *he* had battered her head as effectually as she had battered his feet.

AN epitaph, which is hard on “the father,” in an Eastern burying ground, reads as follows:

“Here lies the mother of children five;
Two are dead and three are alive,
The two that are dead preferring rather
To die with the mother than live with the father.”

EDWIN O. PARISH and Mary A. Cook were married on board of an excursion train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad on Thursday. The train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour when the matrimonial lasso was thrown, which may be called marrying in haste.

WHILE Mr. Bean of Hallowell was crossing the railway track on Thursday, his sleigh was struck by a train and stove into kindling wood. As many times as kindling wood has gone into stoves, this is the first recorded instance of a stove into kindling wood.

A FRENCH surgeon inserts watch crystals into the skulls of a pack of dogs for observation of their brain works. If he thinks this will make good watch dogs of them, he is mistaken. It won’t do it.

THE St. Louis *Globe* tells of a Missouri editor who challenged another because of a fancied insult. From the fact of his challenging him, we should judge that the insult was *not* fancied.

THE Westport *Hour* and “Prof.” Garland, the Yankee soap man, are in a row. The *Hour* denounces him as a humbug, and so he may be; but if he is, it is no business of *Hour’s*.

THE maker of the Cardiff Giant is now at work stone cutting at Troy, and his name is Scian. There had been a suspicion that the Giant was a work of Scian’s, rather than of art.

THE witches of Macbeth could not have been experienced real-estate dealers, or they never would have acknowledged a deed without a name.

A MARYLAND paper, in speaking of the death of a lady, says “she lived fifty years with her husband, and died in confident hope of a better life.”

THE Knickerbockers of New York are always reputed wealthy. Even in the early days of the colonies several of the Knickerbockers Diedrich.

A MISSING man was lately advertised for and described as having a [illegible] [illegible] be found; such a nose as that will never turn up.

STANLEY continues to receive invitations to dinner. He is making an eat thing out of his African experience.

CURRENT ITEMS.

AT Jersey City, recently, an engine driver, in going home to supper, slipped on the ice and fell upon a lead-pencil, which was sticking point upward in the snow. The pencil entered behind the man’s shoulder, going completely through, the point protruding slightly in front. The man, though unconscious of the extent of his injuries, complained of feeling a soreness in his shoulder, and, after finishing his supper, returned to his work. The uneasiness increasing, a doctor was sent for, when the astonishing discovery was made that the pencil was completely imbedded in the man’s body, from whence, after much difficulty, it was extracted. The man is now in a fair way for recovery.

A CURIOUS accident befell a man at Poplar Bluff, Mo., recently. He entered the court-house at night, in search of a place to sleep, and ascended to the upper floor, but finding the doors locked, turned to retrace his steps, when he struck the railing of the stairs, and thinking it a fence, he climbed over it at a place where it was about eight feet to the stairs below. Luckily, as he fell from the railing, one of his feet caught between the balusters. Here he hung, head downward, in a most uncomfortable position, until released by some person entering the building in the morning.

A HARTFORD, Conn., physician was recently called to attend a young man who was laboring under a fit of delirium tremens. He was very pugilistically inclined; and the doctor, thinking to quiet him, pointed a revolver at his head. This only increased the fury of the excited patient, who promptly seized the doctor by the throat, and after half choking him, took him by the nape of the neck and gently sent him down a flight of stairs.

AS a young man, aged twenty-four years, was fishing off Boone Island a few days ago, in a dory belonging to a schooner near by, the boat by some means became stove and sank. The young man cried for help, and the other boats belonging to the vessel went to his assistance, but did not reach him in time, and his body sank just as one of his comrades attempted to catch him by his clothing with a gaff.

A WELL caved in, in St. Albans, Vt., and buried a young man who was digging at the bottom of it, so that his friends thought he must have been killed. They were three hours in digging him out, and to their astonishment and delight found him alive and unhurt. The avalanche of dirt and stones had been stopped, by choking or crushing against the sides of the well, two feet above his head.

THE long and intensely cold winter seems to have made wild-cats and black bears unusually savage along the line between Canada and New Hampshire, where the cold is terribly severe and provender for wild beasts is meagre. The inhabitants of that region lately organized a grand hunt against the bears and wild-cats, and killed twenty-seven of the former and thirteen of the latter.

A MAN at Atlantic, Iowa, who had been under arrest for some time for causing the death of his wife, by refusing to get medical aid for her when sick, and by almost literally starving her to death, was found hanging by the neck to a bridge a few days ago. No one knows anything about it, of course; but it is thought some mob got tired of the law’s delay in the matter.

A PHILADELPHIAN travelling in Texas lately, made up his mind to give a public library to a town to which he took a fancy. His intention becoming known to the inhabitants, they held a public meeting and voted to “take shot-guns and buck-shot instead of the books,” if it was all the same to him.

THE military escort at the inauguration of President Grant is to be a brilliant display. There will be present in Washington several of the smartest Volunteer regiments from the Eastern cities, four companies of Regulars, a battalion of marines, and the whole of the cadets from West Point.

A SCHOOL-BOY, thirteen years old, of Hebron, Me., was carelessly shot by an older schoolmate, a heavy charge of shot passing through his leg just above the knee, and inflicting a terrible wound, which is believed to be fatal.

A YOUNG man went on a spree, in Spencer, Mass., a few days ago, and shot himself while under the influence of liquor. When he became sober he felt very bad about it, but it was too late then, as the wound was mortal.

A YOUNG lady in Iowa recently walked seven miles, with the thermometer standing twenty degrees below zero, to keep an engagement, and it was not of a matrimonial kind either.

PASSING PICTURES.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

In my walks I saw a small child,
  As the eve grew cold and colder,
With a huge ungainly parcel
  Perched upon his infant shoulder,
That in point of size and color
  Quite resembled some huge boulder.

On he staggered 'neath his burden;
  Brave and earnest little fellow!
Then quite suddenly he halted,
  And his eye grew soft and mellow;
The attraction was a toy book
  In the window, red and yellow.

There were prints of Indian warriors,
  Clad in all their native glory,
With their war paint and their feathers,
  With their scalping-knives still gory;
And beneath, in printed letters,
  Was the verse that told their story.

There he stood entranced and rooted,
  Though the air grew cold and colder,
Though the huge ungainly parcel
  Still bore down upon his shoulder;
Yet in that brief moment seemed he
  Stronger, braver, aye, and older.

Thus, I thought, do passing pictures,
  When our trials loom up double,
Painted pictures full of fancy,
  Rob us of one half our trouble,
Till the burden on our shoulder
  Seems no heavier than a bubble!

THE FIRE SPREADERS;

OR,

The Burners of Chicago.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," "THE PLOT AGAINST HAWLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

LYING IN WAIT.

The morning that followed the events last narrated was anything but a day of rest to Mr. and Mrs. Harlon Edgerly. Their every breath was one of anxious inquiry and apprehension.

Where was Montague? How had he succeeded in his mission to the woods? Where was John Ames? Why didn't he show himself? What measures was he taking to recover his property and punish the couple who had so terribly wronged him? Where was Rodd Bushwick, 'the gentleman from Florida?' What was the secret of Lawyer Raven's endorsement upon that check given to Bushwick? What steps would Mrs. Smallett take next? Was Jack Withers still to be depended upon? Had any whispers against the Edgerlys begun to circulate in the fashionable circles of Chicago?

It is easy to realize how a thousand questions of this kind agitated the souls of Mr. and Mrs. Edgerly during the early hours of that beautiful Sabbath morning, and robbed them entirely of the appetites with which they had been accustomed to take their seats at the table.

"I suppose we had better go to church as usual?" suggested the wife, when the long lists of inquiry and speculation were well-nigh exhausted.

"Of course," replied the husband. "Our absence from church at such a moment might be construed against us. In any case, we can tell by the looks of those around us if anything has been said to our detriment."

To church they accordingly went.

"Well?" was the question posed by the arched brows of Mrs. Edgerly, as the couple emerged from church at the close of the services.

"Well, something is wrong," breathed Edgerly, with subdued wrath and annoyance.

"There certainly is," corroborated the wife. "Did you see Mrs. Rankin? She gave me the cut direct. And Mrs. Robinson—the 'sugar-cured' nobody—fairly drew her skirts into a wad lest they should come in contact with mine. And Mrs. Morse stared at me through her eye-glass, and said something to that hateful old Mrs. Proudfoot, and they both actually smiled."

"Did you see Mr. Kirby?" queried the husband. "He looked at me as indifferently as if I'd been a paving-stone. And Mr. Sanderson stared at a crack in the wall all the morning, so as to prevent me from catching his eye."

"And then the text, Harlon. It was levelled straight at us. 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' There's no such text in the Bible, if Mr. Ransom *did* pretend to give chapter and verse. He made up that text on purpose to annoy us. Did you notice how he looked at us?"

"Did you notice how they *all* looked at us? It's my last day in church for the present, whatever happens. I'm not going there to be insulted from the pulpit. I'm sure Mr. Ransom actually pointed at me—yes, actually *pointed*—when he roared, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'"

It was with the exchange of these and similar remarks that the couple returned to their palatial dwelling.

Their first measure after reaching home was to make themselves comfortable—Mr. Edgerly putting on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his wife loosening her vast cordage—and then they proceeded to the library, shutting themselves in.

"A thought strikes me—a measure of prudence," said Edgerly. "Until we know where we are coming out, and so long as this John Ames avalanche is hanging over us, it will be well to save every dollar we can—to refuse payment to everybody—to put off all butchers and grocers with promises and excuses."

"Very well—we'll refuse payment to everybody until we know where the lightning is going to strike. If this John Ames business forces us to travel for our health, we shall need every dollar, and a few debts won't add much to our disgrace. But why can't you discover where John Ames is hiding? He must have reached Chicago several days ago. Why is it that we don't hear from him, or see him?"

"Heaven knows! But one thing is certain, Rublie. John Ames is in town, and is already making his influence felt against us. It is to him that we are indebted for the slights and insults to which we have been subjected this morning."

The couple were startled at this point of the conversation by a light but energetic tattoo upon the front door.

"There he is now!" gasped Mrs. Edgerly, as she bounced to her feet, and then sank back hysterically into her chair.

"Or Bushwick," suggested Edgerly. "You'll remember that Bushwick knocked in that way."

The tattoo was repeated.

"Don't let him in," implored the wife. "It's John Ames, no doubt. I can't see him—"

Edgerly calmed himself, at the same time reassuring his wife with a gesture, and stole swiftly to the door, which he opened.

A light, careless laugh flowed into the hall and filled the drawing-rooms and library.

"Oh, it's *you!*" was all Edgerly could say.

"Montague!" came from the lips of Mrs. Edgerly, almost in the form of a scream.

"Yes, it's me, governor," said Montague, as he entered and closed the door behind him, and shook hands with his father. "Knew you'd be here, and thought I'd avoid the servants. Anything wrong? You look considerably puckered."

And on he went to his mother.

Mrs. Edgerly tried to arise and meet her son, but her excitement was too great. She could only reach up her mammoth arms and cling convulsively to his neck, as he embraced and kissed her.

"You gave us *such* a surprise!" muttered Edgerly, as he sank into a chair.

"Yes, *such* a surprise!" echoed Mrs. Edgerly. "We thought it was John Ames—and oh, it's you!"

She laughed and wept nervously.

"One would say you both have John Ames on the brain," said Montague, with his usual careless air. "I understand. The revulsion of feeling is natural. But cool off as soon as you can. I've a great deal to say, and little time in which to say it. Have you heard or seen anything of John Ames in my absence?"

"Nothing direct," replied Edgerly. "We have merely suffered some occult influences, as the astrologers say, from that quarter."

"Of what nature? State these influences."

The couple did so, and Montague agreed with their view of the matter.

"And now to tell you what I have learned by my visit to the woods," said he, as he dropped into a chair between the couple. "The relation is sure to surprise you, but don't interrupt me."

He proceeded to relate how Mrs. Withers and Allie Ames had resided in their little cabin year after year, in the vain hope of Jack Withers' return; how Wall Underbee had become infatuated with the girl, and persecuted her with his unwelcome attentions; how Paul Sidney had also fallen in love with Allie, and been received as an accepted suitor; how Underbee and Paul had come into collision with each other; how Underbee had set fire to the cabin, and carried off the girl to his cellar; how Paul and Mrs. Withers had supposed Allie to be dead, and how Mrs. Withers had died; and how he himself had met Underbee and Shott and gone home with them, and how he had been admitted into the new brotherhood of incendiaries.

"And who do you suppose preceded me up into the woods?" asked the narrator abruptly, without waiting for the comments of his hearers.

"Can't say, I'm sure," replied Edgerly. "John Ames, perhaps."

"No, not John Ames himself, but John Ames' agent."

"You forget that John Ames has had no knowledge of the girl's existence—"

"He has that knowledge now, governor. His agent was up there before me—"

"But for what purpose?"

"Why, to find the girl and take her to Chicago! And you'll be still more surprised to learn who that agent of John Ames is. He's Jack Withers!"

Edgerly and his wife turned deathly pale.

"Can it be possible?" cried the latter. "Did you see him?"

"I did—"

"Then Ames must have found him! And he must have told Ames of the girl's existence and whereabouts!" breathed Edgerly.

"Quite correct, governor, although it don't seem possible for Ames to have made such rapid progress. How could he come here from Florida, two or three days ago, and already have an agent up in Wisconsin? I confess that the mystery of Jack's movements is beyond my comprehension. But listen!"

He narrated how he found the vault of the "famous counterfeiter" empty; how he and Underbee jumped at the conclusion that Paul Sidney had set the captive free; how Underbee and Shott and himself went to Palmer's mills; how they assaulted Paul Sidney, and were about to burn him alive; how the girl had suddenly appeared, and how they had tried to seize her; how the arrival of a number of lumbermen had interrupted them, and obliged them to retreat; how Jack Withers had appeared at the mills, and narrowly missed being hanged by a mob; how Allie had saved him; how the girl and Paul and Jack were to take the first train for Chicago; and how the incendiaries had secured horses and ridden to Sheboygan, and thence embarked in a little yacht for Chicago.

"And this accounts for your arrival at such an hour?" murmured Mrs. Edgerly. "You came in a sail-boat?"

"Yes, mother—"

"And those six terrible incendiaries came with you, and are now in Chicago?"

"Not exactly, mother. Underbee and Fenning are in Milwaukee, where I landed them before daylight this morning. They are there to intercept the girl and Sidney and Withers, who will come down the road to-morrow. Shott and Eaton are in the yacht off the light-house, awaiting my further orders, and Reedon and Hyler have taken a room at the Lakeside Hotel, where they also are awaiting my pleasure. As you see, therefore, I have at my command six as resolute fellows as can be found in the country."

"It was a splendid move for you to get in with them," commented Edgerly admiringly. "That Underbee is sure to intercept the couple and Jack on their way to Chicago?"

"Perfectly sure. He has as much interest in the matter as we have. And as to the rest, I let them come down here as a matter of precaution—not knowing but that Ames might have rendered their presence here necessary."

"A good thought, Montague. These men will be a help to us in any of the possible tight places of the future. As to their incendiarism, we may even turn that to account. If I knew, for instance, what house John Ames is occupying— But all that is idle. It would seem, from all you have said, that there is still a chance for us. If Underbee does his duty, the girl will be prevented from rushing to the arms of her father—"

"Oh, she'll be intercepted," interrupted Montague. "Underbee will stop her—the more especially as I shall be there to help him. Did I not tell you that I could set everything to rights?"

"And so you did," broke in Mrs. Edgerly, with a long sigh of relief. "And I knew you would save us. I don't quite like your being connected with all those incendiaries, but I suppose it is necessary, and I make no complaints, dear, only I warn you to be on your guard, and not let them get you into trouble."

"Have no fear, mother. I shall merely use them in our present emergencies, and then get rid of them in the simplest manner possible. And now, mother, as I have had nothing to eat since yesterday at this time, and as you have heard all the facts in the case—"

Mrs. Edgerly interrupted him with a gesture, as she arose briskly.

"I will see to your having something nice to eat immediately," she said. "How glad I am to see you again! And how sharp and brave you have been! Never fear, Harlon, that we shall have any serious trouble so long as Montague is here to protect us."

Again embracing and kissing her son, the wife and mother withdrew, descending to the basement, in the rear of which was her kitchen.

The instant she was gone, Montague turned to his father and said:

"I'm hungry enough, governor, it's true, but I wanted to get rid of her—to say a word to you privately, as I don't know how far the old lady is ready to go in all this difficulty."

"She is ready to go as far as any of us," returned Edgerly. "She realizes, as I do, that a crisis has come, and that no half measures can save us. You have told me just how the case stands?"

"Exactly. I've suppressed nothing—changed nothing—so far as I have gone. But I wish to advise with you now as to the action to take. Are you holding any charge over the head of Jack Withers?"

"No, nothing to speak of, although I have always professed to be in a position to send him to prison. You know how that is. While I might arrest him, on one charge or another, there is nothing in his case that would really *stick:* and what is worse, I could not lay a finger on him without scandalizing myself."

"I understand. But Jack Withers has got to be arrested—detached from the girl and Sidney—prevented from coming to Chicago."

"Yes, of course."

"And after Jack, there are two other customers to be disposed of, governor. I refer to Paul Sidney and Wall Underbee. As you will see at a glance, it is essential for me to marry the girl; and I may say, in plain English, that I shall and will marry her, in due time, if I have to get rid of forty such men as now stand between her and me. I intend to play Underbee against Sidney, and let them kill each other, but in any case they'll soon learn that I'm dangerous."

Montague was quite right in his estimate of his powers for evil.

He had indeed become a dangerous man.

From the instant of setting eyes upon Allie Ames, he had resolved to clear away all obstacles; to woo her; to come between her and Paul Sidney; to prevent her from finding her father; in a word, to make her his wife. He had said to himself that he would have her if he had to carry her off into the vast forests toward the Red River settlement, and retain her there a prisoner to the last hour of her existence.

This resolve of course implied the removal from his path of Paul Sidney, but he had promised himself to be rid of him speedily, even if he had to betake himself to the last resort of infamy—to murder.

In regard to Wall Underbee, whom he regarded as a rival, his purpose was equally fixed. He would make use of him so long as he could be useful, and then get rid of him in the handiest manner possible.

"You are going right back to Milwaukee, then, in your boat?" asked Edgerly, after a pause.

"Yes. I shall start within half an hour. And as there is no present occasion here for the services of these men, I shall take them back to Milwaukee with me, so as to be ready for any emergency that may arise to-morrow."

"I see! You are sure to succeed. At what time will you reach Milwaukee?"

"Early in the evening, no doubt. The wind is drawing around to the south, so that I shall probably have it as much in my favor returning as I had it coming."

We need not linger upon the various details with which the interview terminated. It is enough to say that Montague inspired his parents with every necessary confidence, and at the same time gave them every necessary insight into his plans and sentiments. The appetizing dinner brought him by his mother was soon duly discussed, and then Montague, with a few final observations, slipped away from the house as quietly as he had come.

A few minutes subsequent to this leave-taking he was on his way up the lake, attended by four of the incendiaries, and in the best of spirits.

"To-morrow," said he, "we will get through with the little matter Underbee has in hand, and then I will see that you are all comfortably settled in Chicago."

CHAPTER XXVI.

INTERCEPTED.

How happy was Allie Ames on the following morning, as she found herself seated in the cars, on her way to Chicago! How happy too was Paul Sidney! And how happy Jack Withers!

Not one of the three had ever known a joy like the joy of that moment.

"We ought to send a telegram to Lawyer Raven to let him know that we are coming," murmured Allie suddenly.

Paul and Jack exchanged smiles full of a joyous contentment.

"Oh! you have done so already?" added the girl, intercepting those glances.

"Yes, we've done so already," admitted Paul, as a world of tender affection beamed from his eyes. "Jack has telegraphed Lawyer Raven that we shall be due at an early hour to-morrow morning."

"And Mr. Raven will be at the depot in Chicago to meet us?"

"Of course."

"Oh, how my heart beats already!"

"And mine," said Jack, wiping a huge tear from the corner of each eye. "If I had known how pleasant it is to do right, I should have quit doing wrong ever so many years ago."

"'It's never too late to mend,'" breathed Allie smilingly.

"Perhaps not—if you forgive me," said Jack, struggling with his deep emotions. "And you *do* forgive me, Miss Allie, don't you?"

"You know I do, Mr. Withers. Think and say no more about it."

It would be useless and nearly impossible to record all the pleasant words that were exchanged during the ride to Fond du Lac. The scenes along the shore of Lake Winnebago presented a thousand charms to Allie. Her whole soul was in a delicious tumult. Her bright eyes danced at everything. She had a thousand questions to ask Paul, a thousand whispers of affection, a thousand bright anticipations of the morrow; and it is almost unnecessary to add that Paul was in the same ecstatic condition as herself.

As to Jack, he was equally happy with the young people, as we have indicated, only his happiness was of a soberer and less effusive type. He could not forget his past—the responsibility resting upon him—the grave lessons he had learned in his long life—and so he comported himself as one who has learned by experience that even the brightest joys of this world are near neighbors of sorrow.

The train had scarcely reached Fond du Lac, when a rough looking man entered the car in which the travellers were seated, and, after two or three sharp preliminary glances at the trio, approached Jack and said:

"Your name is Withers, I believe—Jack Withers?"

Jack bowed assent, with glances expressive of astonishment.

"Let's see if you are the Withers in question," resumed the stranger, as affably as glibly. "You have been living in Chicago for many years past? Your wife was Mrs. Jerusha Withers, lately deceased, and she has been living for many years past near Bushwick?"

Jack nodded affirmatively to each of these questions.

"I see. You are the Withers with whom I have business. Will you step out to the platform a moment?"

Jack bowed assent, and followed the stranger to the spot designated.

"Fact is," added the stranger, "my business with you is of a disagreeable nature, and as I noticed that you have friends with you, I thought you might thank me for not telling you before them what it is."

"Oh—very good—it's all right," stammered Jack, who was now lost in a sea of amazement. "The business is disagreeable, you say? Out with it at once, sir. What is it?"

"My name is Gains. I am a constable of this city, and I'm sorry to say that I have a warrant for you," announced the stranger, as he drew a formidable looking document from his pocket.

"A—a warrant?" gasped Jack.

"Yes, sir. Here it is—all in due legal form. I will read it—"

"Oh, I see it all," interrupted Jack, with blazing eyes. "This is some move of the enemy! This warrant, I take it, stranger, was issued under the oath of Wall Underbee."

"Nothing of the kind, sir. I know nothing of anybody of that name. This warrant is issued under the oath of the Reverend Mr. Escott of our city."

"Reverend? A clergyman?" stammered Jack. "Why, I've heard of him."

"You may well have heard of him," said Mr. Gains. "He's one of our most popular preachers."

"But what on earth is it that he charges me with?"

"You'd better read the warrant perhaps—"

"No, out with it! What is it that I've been doing?"

"You are charged with assaulting the reverend gentleman, with intent to kill!"

Jack recoiled in horror.

"And when did this pretended assault take place?" he asked hoarsely.

"About nine o'clock last evening, as the gentleman was returning to his house from one of our bookstores—"

"Last evening?" murmured Jack. "Why, I was nearly a hundred miles from here last evening, and I never saw the reverend gentleman in my life."

"Is this so, Mr. Withers?"

"It's not only so, Mr. Gains, but I can readily prove it. The friends who are travelling with me are competent witnesses as to where I was and what I was doing at nine o'clock last evening."

"You assert your innocence then?"

"I not only assert it, Mr. Gains, but I can prove it immediately. Step this way, if you please, sir?"

"One moment," said Mr. Gains, as Jack turned toward the car in which he had left Allie and Paul. "If you are really innocent—and I must say that I believe what you tell me—the whole affair will make you very little trouble. All you have to do is to go with me to the house of Mr. Escott, which is about a mile from here, and if he says you are not the man who assaulted him, why, I will take the responsibility of letting you go. This will detain you until the next train, but that is all the trouble you need to have in the matter."

"Shall I not need my friends as witnesses?"

"Of course not. If Mr. Escott says you are not the man, the whole proceeding drops to the ground at once."

"Well, that's what he will say. He has never set eyes on me in the world."

He debated with himself a moment, and then turned to his companion.

"See here, Mr. Gains," he said. "I will not say anything to my friends—to these young people who are travelling with me. Why should I distress them? I'll let them think that I got left accidentally. If we find Mr. Escott at home, we can be back here in half an hour?"

"Oh, yes—without the least trouble."

"And then I can send my friends a line by telegraph, long before they reach Milwaukee, to inform them that I will be along by the next train."

"Nothing is easier, Mr. Withers. Suit yourself in the matter. If you are really innocent, however—"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I should think your best course would be to jump into a hack with me and ride to Mr. Escott's. His testimony, if you are not guilty, will at once end the whole business."

"Quick then. Let's be off at once."

Mr. Gains led the way toward a carriage in waiting, the two men seated themselves therein, and Mr. Gains gave the order:

"To Mr. Escott's."

The driver nodded understandingly, touched up his horses, and in another moment Jack was being borne swiftly through the streets of Fond du Lac, while the car in which sat Allie and Paul sped away upon its swift course toward Milwaukee.

The train had scarcely left the city, when Allie noticed Jack's absence.

"Why, where can he be?" she asked.

"In one of the other cars, probably," replied Paul. "That gentleman who called him out may have detained him until the last minute, so that he entered the rear car. He'll soon be along, doubtless."

But when half an hour had passed, and nothing was seen of Jack, Allie became decidedly uneasy.

"I wish you'd go and look for Mr. Withers," she said, after a few preliminaries respecting Jack's prolonged absence.

Paul at once made a complete circuit of the train, and came back with a cloud of serious uneasiness upon his features.

"Mr. Withers must have got left," he reported. "He's not on the cars."

The conductor coming along at this moment, Paul asked him if he had seen anything of their late travelling companion.

"Yes, I did, sir," replied the conductor. "I saw him get into a hack, with another gentleman, and they rode away together."

The lovers looked at each other in amazement, as the conductor passed on, and for a few moments they were at a loss what to say.

"I wonder he didn't tell us where he was going," then murmured Allie.

"He's a little odd, I think," returned Paul.

"Who can that stranger be? And what was his business?" continued the girl.

"It's impossible to say."

The impossibility in question, however, did not prevent the lovers from speculating almost incessantly about the cause and motives of Jack's mysterious absence. They talked of little else until a glimpse of the lake to their left announced that they were nearing Milwaukee.

"We shall probably find a telegram from Mr. Withers waiting for us," then said Paul. "If not, I shall fear that something is wrong."

The hope of Paul Sidney was destined to be realized. He had scarcely reached the platform at the depot in Milwaukee, when a youngster came running past, and shouting:

"A telegram for Mr. Sidney!"

"Here, boy!" called Paul excitedly. "I am Mr. Sidney."

He received and opened the message, his swift glance devouring the brief sentences therein, which read as follows:

"Will be on by next train. Wait for me at the Chicago depot. Important. JACK."

Handing the message to Allie, Paul gave the messenger a scrap of currency, and then led the way to a hack in waiting.

"You see it's all right," whispered he, a moment later, as the couple were being whirled across the town to the depot the message had indicated.

"Yes—I suppose so," returned Allie. "But I am sorry to wait here so long. I am *so* impatient to reach Chicago."

"Perhaps we shall not lose a great deal of time," suggested Paul. "At any rate, I will inquire, as soon as we reach the depot, and see just what is before us."

In pursuance of this purpose, Paul conducted the girl to the ladies' sitting-room, and at once took his way to the ticket office. The necessary inquiries were soon made, and he returned to his companion.

"We shall have to wait here until late in the evening," he reported. "In fact we shall have to take the night train."

"Well, we can stand it, I think—so long as we are together," returned Allie smilingly. "You go and bring a nice lunch, and we'll talk up the whole matter."

"Shall we not go to a hotel, and get a regular supper?"

"No. You see this little saloon nearly opposite? See if you can't get something good to eat there. I'm not particular what you get. Almost anything will answer."

Paul hurried away with the eagerness of a loving heart to wait upon its loved one, but he was absent several minutes—he being compelled to enter a bakery before he could find what he wanted. And when he returned to the sitting-room of the depot, his first glance told him that Allie was no longer there.

She had vanished!

The shock that discovery gave Paul can be imagined.

He turned to the gentleman nearest him.

"Did you see a young lady seated yonder a few moments ago?" he asked, controlling the wild fear that assailed him.

"I did, sir."

"Where is she?"

"She just walked out to the platform, and rode away in a carriage."

"Was anybody with her?"

"No, sir."

Paul reeled in despair.

A moment later he was out on the platform.

"Did you just see a young lady ride away in a carriage?" he asked the first hackman that came under his notice.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice which way she went?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you overtake her?"

"In three minutes, sir."

"Five dollars if you do it."

And Paul leaped into the hack, and in another moment was whirling away in full gallop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* * *

—No preacher is listened to but time; which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads.

THE HUSBAND'S DEFEAT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I am almost discouraged," said Mrs. Nixhaven.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said the Widow Hearthope. "Though, of course, there'll be a man in the case."

"It's my husband," said Mrs. Nixhaven despondently.

"I knew it!" interjected the Widow. "Scamps, every one of 'em, and poor dear Hearthope was no better than the rest!"

"Indeed, you are quite mistaken," said Mrs. Nixhaven, firing up. "Nicholas is all that an attentive husband can be. Only—it's partly dyspepsia, I suppose—he's so very particular about the cooking."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hearthope, turning the jet bracelets round and round upon her plump arms.

"It's a positive fact," went on Mrs. Nixhaven, "that I tremble at the head of my own table when the covers of the dishes are taken off. It's his mother!"

"Exactly!" said Mrs. Hearthope. "Nobody ever cooked as *she* did, I suppose. I've heard the same story before."

"He's always comparing her cookery to mine," said Mrs. Nixhaven sorrowfully.

"Why don't you get her receipts?"

"I have. I cook everything just exactly as she does, and yet Nixhaven won't see it. I'm sure I don't know how I am to manage."

"A married man oughtn't to have any mother," said Mrs. Hearthope, with energy. "Or at least it ought to be made a penal offence to quote her, in regard to any of the family affairs."

"She's very nice," said Mrs. Nixhaven.

"Fond of you, eh?"

"Yes, very," answered the disconsolate wife.

"Ask her to make you a visit," suggested the widow briskly.

"What for?"

"I'll tell you, my dear—one of these days. In the mean time, you must ask me to dinner."

"When?"

"Oh, almost any time. To-morrow, if you please," answered the complacent widow.

"Come to-morrow, then," said Mrs. Nixhaven, wondering what her friend could possibly mean.

The little dining-room of the Nixhaven mansion was neatness itself. A well-browned turkey lay on the centre of the board, flanked by cranberry jelly, daintily browned potato, and a grove of silver-green celery stalks.

Mrs. Nixhaven was in black silk, with cherry ribbons at her throat, and a ruffled white apron. The Widow Hearthope, all in funereal black, had a roguish twinkle in the corner of her hazel eyes, as of a widow who was not entirely inconsolable. And Mr. Nixhaven himself, a tall good-looking man, with querulous wrinkles on his brow, and eye-glasses, brought up the van.

"For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful," said Mr. Nixhaven. "That fowl is scorched again, Matilda. Isn't it rather strange that our oven is the only oven in town that invariably burns up everything? Now the way my mother used to roast a turkey"—the wife and the widow exchanged surreptitious glances—"wouldn't hurt a six-months-old babe. Modern cookery is all in the interests of the doctors, and Matilda there don't seem to comprehend what true cooking should be. It's not my fault. I have tried often enough to teach her. Sometimes I have almost a mind to go into the kitchen myself, and try and make these women comprehend the science of the thing."

"Cooks are like poets, born, not made," suggested Mrs. Hearthope.

"No such thing, no such thing," contradicted Mr. Nixhaven, apparently determined not to be pleased. "It's the simplest thing in the world. My mother understood it from A to Z."

"She must have been a prodigy," said the widow.

"She was," complacently assented Mr. Nixhaven, quite oblivious of any implied satire. "I should like you to meet her, Mrs. Hearthope. Matilda has written for her to come on the fifteenth. Haven't you, my dear?"

"Yes, Mr. Nixhaven."

"And I hope you'll dine with us on the seventeenth, to taste one of my mother's dinners, Mrs. Hearthope."

"Delighted, I am sure," said the widow, looking intently at the hem of her black bordered pocket handkerchief.

"But *do* tell me your plan," coaxed Mrs. Nixhaven, when the host had withdrawn to smoke a cigar and read the evening paper.

"There's no necessity," laughed the widow. She had good teeth and dimples, and consequently liked to laugh. "He's set the trap and baited it himself."

And she whispered one or two confidential sentences into Mrs. Nixhaven's willing ears.

"Oh, but I don't dare!" cried the latter nervously.

"Why not? He's only your husband, after all. He can neither eat you, nor cut your head off."

"Do you really think—"

"Yes, I really *do* think!" cried Mrs. Hearthope. "Don't be a goose, Tilly."

Mrs. Nixhaven senior arrived in due time—an apple-faced, spectacled little matron, with hair as yet unstreaked by envious silver, and a natty apology for a cap perched on the back of her head. She was plump and sympathetic, and agreed with her daughter-in-law—strange to say—that "Nicholas *was* a great trial at times, although he means no harm, poor dear boy! But you know, my dear, men have got to be managed."

The 17th of January duly arrived, and with it Mrs. Hearthope, all crape folds, bombazine, sash loops, and sparkling jets.

"I am glad to see you, ma'am—very glad," said Mr. Nixhaven hospitably. "And I think I may promise you a dinner cooked as a dinner *should* be cooked—eh, mother?"

Mrs. Nixhaven smoothed her cap ribbons complacently.

"Nicholas always *was* partial to my old-fashioned way of doing things," said she.

The dinner was duly served and eaten accordingly, Mr. Nixhaven separately lauding each dish, and calling Mrs. Hearthope's attention to the way it was cooked.

"No dyspepsia here, ma'am," said he. "Ah! I should be a different man if I had mother here always."

"This chicken pie is particularly nice," said the widow.

"There's not a woman in America who can make a chicken pie like my mother," said Mr. Nixhaven proudly.

"I should like the receipt," went on Mrs. Hearthope.

"What is it, mother?" asked Mr. Nixhaven. "You don't object to telling it, I am sure."

"Well, I should not, Nicholas," answered the old lady composedly; "only I don't know how it was made."

"Eh?" cried her son.

"I haven't cooked a thing upon the table," said Mrs. Nixhaven senior. "I haven't even been into the kitchen. Matilda has done it all."

Mr. Nixhaven dropped his knife and fork, and stared.

"*Matilda!*" echoed he.

"And she's a great deal better cook than ever I was, and a more accomplished one," went on the old lady, "and if you don't appreciate her, it's high time you did, Nicholas Nixhaven."

Silently Mr. Nixhaven rose and left the table. Silently he got his hat and went for a walk.

"I hope he isn't offended," said Mrs. Nixhaven junior.

"No danger," said the widow.

"Nicholas isn't an absolute fool," said the old lady.

They were right. Mr. Nixhaven's face was serene as a summer sky when he reappeared; and from that eventful seventeenth of January he never criticised Matilda's cooking. The little strategy had succeeded to a charm.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

Better Than Ever.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER
FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1873.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.

Instructive and entertaining as the *Ledger* has been in the past, we hope and intend to make it still more instructive and entertaining in the future. Our experience is greater than heretofore, and our ambition to make the *Ledger* the best paper of the kind published in the world, is undiminished.

All our favorite old writers will continue to write for the *Ledger;* and we are always on the keen look-out for any new developments of *real* rising genius.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

"Affinities."

When a man discovers that his neighbor's coat suits him, and appropriates it secretly, the act is called petty larceny; and unless he has high political influence in his ward or neighborhood, he is likely to be punished. Any nice philosophy he might ventilate on the subject of "affinities" would be regarded as the addition of insult to injury, by any rational jury.

But we have known of practical applications of this doctrine a thousand times more grave than coat stealing, which yet cannot be brought to a formal trial, and cannot be punished by the judges.

Take a case: A man has his own wife, who nurses his children, minds his linen, cares for his house, husbands his resources, and with care, and not a little labor, keeps him up socially and otherwise. She is precluded by her duties from cultivating accomplishments, and do as she will, she cannot always appear before his high mightiness exactly as she does when she goes out, dressed and smiling, to visit her friends. He, being not over-burdened with good sense, occasionally contrasts her mentally with the vision of beauty to which he made love, and forgets the share he and his have had in producing the inevitable alteration. He also forgets that he—never above par in worth and loveliness, except in her loving eyes—has been much modified by time.

Occasionally, among the graceful diversions of life, he meets a lady—we shall say unmarried, for reasons best known to herself, or her neighbors. They chat, exchange small volleys of raillery, or dew-drops of "sympathy;" she smiles approval of all he says; he grows eloquent; she glows with the homage of admiration; he has found some one who appreciates him, and she has found a variety in her dull life, a sweet bit of romance, a delicious little morsel of almost wickedness. So she lays herself out to be agreeable; she contrasts favorably with the true, pure, patient matron at his home; she is seen only in good dress, and in good spirits; she understands him; she knows his tastes; she has affinity with him; she seems made for him; she lays out on him the amiability she has saved from her own family—for these demoralized flirts are generally what fallen angels are vulgarly called, in their own homes—and she flatters and fascinates him, to the keen anguish and mortification of her whom he solemnly vowed faithfully to love and cherish till death.

This thing is the source of many a grief, the cause of many a domestic tragedy. How should it be thought of and characterized? Technically *she* is not a fallen woman—prudence protects her; but she is false, base, cruel and deceitful, and more particularly when, as often happens, she is the "friend" of the family, of his wife. She is dishonest, stealing that of which she can make no good use, and the loss of which sends bitterest pangs into a good woman's heart.

And of him? He has broken his word of honor. He has forfeited the true claim to the character of a gentleman. His marriage vow had all the solemnity of an oath. He has broken it in intent and spirit; is a virtual perjurer. He wounds the heart he ought to soothe as none else can wound it, and tramples in the dust what only he could humiliate, and what is his best possession. He merits the scorn of all true men, the indignant contempt of all true women; and in many cases, sooner or later, receives both. He poisons the fountain at which he should drink the sweet waters of happiness, and capriciously expels from his dwelling and his bosom, the peace and contentment without which life is slow torture. And he calls down on himself that potent malediction that is not uttered in passion or in pride, that is the voice of Eternal justice to him that deals so treacherously: "Because the Lord hath been witness between thee and the wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously: yet is she thy companion, and the wife of thy covenant."

◆

Logic in an Obituary.

The *Kentucky Statesman* publishes an obituary notice containing the following sentence:

"The subject of this notice was born in Jessamine county, Ky., in the year 1839; *hence* he died at the age of 33."

Do Your Courting Early in the Evening.

Young men have little thought how much inconvenience they occasion to young ladies and their families by prolonging their visits to unseasonable hours at night. In many instances these late visits are the source of great annoyance. The young ladies do not like to say anything about it, but after ten o'clock they begin to grow very nervous from apprehensions of the censorious or disagreeable observations which they expect to hear made at the breakfast table next morning.

Late hours have their injurious effects upon health, and they soon rob the blooming cheek of its roses. In every point of view they are objectionable. And we do not know any sound argument that can be urged in favor of keeping them. Even in the pursuit of knowledge, late hours of study should not be indulged in. The great Dr. FRANKLIN said that he had tried sitting up nights to study, and he found the effect upon the constitution was like lighting a candle at both ends.

There appears to be one father out West who has made up his mind that the courting in his family has got to be done early in the evening, whether the young men prefer it or not, and he does not hesitate to express his mind on the subject. A daring youth who has been venturing about this man's hearthstone, writes us as follows:

"———, ILLINOIS, February 2d, 1873.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEDGER: For some time I have been paying my addresses to a young lady whom I respect very highly, and for whom I have formed the strongest attachment. I have been at the house of the young lady's parents several times, and, as I had always been treated with respect, I began to think that I was a welcome visitor. But one evening I accompanied her from church, and stopped in, as usual, to spend the evening; and by her invitation a lady friend and her escort remained with us. We were received with kindness by her parents, though the old gentleman seemed somewhat reserved.

"As we did not deem it necessary for them to remain with us, we waited patiently for them to retire; but they made no move in that direction. About ten o'clock her father remarked that he thought it was about 'bed time.' To this we all agreed, thinking that perhaps he had concluded to retire; but in this we were disappointed. He sat a few moments longer, and with a voice that quivered with emotion, he made this remark: '*I suppose these young folks think they are going to set up here and spark to-night, but I don't calculate they shall.*'

"Now I wish to know if it would be advisable, under the circumstances, for me to go back again. S. W. T."

We advise our correspondent to keep early hours, and among other beneficial effects to be expected from the habit, he may find his courage so much increased that he will never again have occasion to ask whether a single reproof or rebuff from an old gentleman should deter him in his suit for a fair lady's hand.

We have no doubt this article will be handed by many a young lady to her lover as a polite intimation of what she has often thought, but never had the frankness or audacity to say.

Let all lovers take the hint.

◆

Twelve Men not as Easily Corrupted as One.

"Our jury trials are a farce; the whole system ought to be abolished," is a remark which one frequently hears in these days.

When persons who indulge in such observations are asked what they would substitute for trial by jury, they are apt to be dumb, but now and then one says, "Let judges be substituted for juries. A judge has intelligence, and knows the law, and is not easily biassed or humbugged."

We suspect that if one of these advocates for substituting judges for juries should happen to get into the hands of a bigotted, conscienceless, obstinate judge, and see the law wrested from its plain meaning against him, and have testimony to which he is entitled ruled out, and other testimony wrongfully ruled in to his disadvantage, and then, finally, have the same judge decide the case without the intervention of a jury—after such an experience, the victim would probably be willing to come back to jury trials without a murmur.

The most stupid and obstinate jury that was ever impannelled cannot begin to work so much mischief, or injustice, as a bold, unscrupulous and partisan judge. You cannot corrupt or bring undue influence to bear upon twelve men as readily as you can upon one.

◆

Snow Drifts in the Country.

A heavy snow-storm in the country serves as a mirror in which one can see reflected the several characters which diversify a neighborhood at once.

At the front door of *Slow Coach*—no reflection on the reverend editor of the N. Y. Observer—you will see the snow piled up to the full height where the wind left it, while from the kitchen stoop a narrow path winds around between the drifts, like a rabbit track. So the snow remains until sunshine and warmth—fortunate agencies for the sluggard—ultimately remove it.

But how different it is with Slow Coach's energetic neighbor. Almost before the snow has ceased falling, clearing it away has commenced. The man himself is out, his boys are out, his hired men are out. The spirit of enterprise is contagious, and when you see it in a man, you perceive it also in his sons, and more or less of it is imparted to his help, and, apparently, even to his teams. Paths are shovelled, tracks are broken, and even the slow and patient ox, from his adaptation to wallowing through deep drifts, now proves himself an animal of the greatest utility, although we confess we are unable to regard him, even after a severe snow-storm, in the light that Dr. PRIME seems to view slow horses, as an article of religious faith.

The point is, that in storm more than in sunshine we perceive the superiority of strong, energetic characters.

◆

Improvement in the Daily Press.

We are glad to observe a marked improvement in the daily press, which seems to be as general as it was desirable. Greater care appears to be given to the ascertainment of facts before their publication, and consequently there are fewer scandalous and libellous attacks upon individuals. The mutual bearing of editors toward each other has become more respectful and courteous.

This is as it should be. May we not hope to see the commendable example of the secular press followed by those journals which are technically known as religious?

◆

[From the Vermont Gazette.]

—The New York *Ledger* is one of our best exchanges, and receives a cordial welcome each week. We have no hesitation in saying that its fourth page is the best edited of any paper in the United States, while the stories are from the pens of eminent writers.

A MEMORIAL of HORACE GREELEY.

HIS FIRST AUTOBIOGRAPHY, WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FOUR.

Readers of the *Ledger* who followed for many consecutive weeks the Autobiographical Reminiscences of Horace Greeley, which were first given to the public in the columns of this journal, will peruse with renewed interest the following fragment of Mr. Greeley's earlier literary work, never before published. When the New York *Tribune* was but four years old, and Mr. Greeley himself in his thirty-fourth year, he yielded with great reluctance, and after many solicitations, to the request of one of his oldest friends and admirers—a gentleman then living in one of the New England States—for a sketch of his life and his struggles with adverse fortune. The *First Autobiography* of Horace Greeley, which we print in full below, was the result of a single afternoon's work. Written in the intimacy of personal friendship, in response to the expressed desire of one to whom Mr. Greeley had been under deep obligation for favors rendered during some of the darkest hours of his early life, the tone of this remarkable production is freer than that of his more elaborate personal history entitled "Recollections of a Busy Life," and in this lies its peculiar charm. It is the frank, full story of Mr. Greeley's life down to the spring of 1845—gossippy, cheery, pleasant, marked by characteristic traces of thought, and admirable in every way.

It is not out of place to add that the copy of this Autobiography which has been furnished for publication in the *Ledger*, was obtained from a gentleman who has had it in his possession for twenty-seven years, having received permission to retain a draft from the original manuscript, on condition that it should not be suffered to appear in print during the lifetime of Mr. Greeley. His death removes the prohibition.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1845.

DEAR SIR: I have mislaid your letter which reached me some days since, but I remember its purport, and have snatched the earliest moment to give you, at your request, an outline of my unromantic life.

I was born, February 3d, 1811, in the town of Amherst, N. H., five miles north-east of the village or "Plain," in the last house before you pass into Bedford, on the old road to Bedford village and Manchester. I am the oldest *living* of five children, but a brother and sister preceded me, and died, at three and two years of age, a year or two before I came into the world. My father, (Zaccheus Greeley,) I think, and my mother, (originally Mary Woodburn,) I know, claim Londonderry for their birthplace. My paternal grandfather (Zaccheus G.) still lives with his son John in Londonderry, aged over ninety, having survived by many years his wife and three of his thirteen children—perhaps more, as they are scattered over the face of the earth. I believe our only notable ancestor was "Captain Lovewell" of the Pangus fight, both whose names, "Zaccheus" and "Lovewell," have been perpetuated in the family as Christian names. And yet I may be mistaken as to his being an ancestor. Either of the Nashua Greeleys, (cousins of my father,) doubtless know more of the family than I do.

My maternal grandfather, David Woodburn, was descended from one of the original settlers of Londonderry, and his son John still lives on the land which was allotted to our Scotch-Irish progenitor in 1721. At the house of this grandfather I was a guest and a pet in my early childhood: here I was first sent to school when just three years old; and if you should ever happen to pass through "the High Range" of Londonderry, near an old weather-beaten school-house, which was red thirty years ago, you can easily pick up some monstrous exaggerations of my infantile achievements as a scholar. *Spelling* was my forte, as is natural to a child of tenacious memory and no judgment; and I recollect that it used to be the custom that the head of the first class and *the next* should choose sides for a "spelling match" once a week or so. Now, I could spell well enough to be "head" among thirty or forty numbskulls, whose incapability of learning to spell is even now a puzzle to me; but I had not wit enough to *choose* good spellers. On the contrary, I would choose little children, my playmates, who could not spell at all. After patience and counsel had both been exhausted, it was found necessary to break the old rule, and let the *two next* choose sides. Some of these spelling matches were held in the evening, and it was difficult to keep such a baby as I awake. When the word came to me I had to be waked up to spell it; and I have lately found a story quite current that I could and did spell just as well asleep as awake!

Reading was the only other branch in which I made any such unseasonable proficiency. I could read very fluently at four years of age, and quite passably with the book upside down—an absurd practice, which I was stimulated to persist in by those who should have known better. This, too, is the theme of modern fables.

No higher branch of learning has come so easy to me except *Arithmetic*, which seemed but play. I cannot remember when I did not know the Multiplication Table, though I must have learned it of course. After learning what figures *mean*, and what relations they bear to each other, all beyond seemed to flow naturally from the axiom that two and two are four. But *Grammar* came hard to me. I commenced at six years of age, and having but little schooling, wasted the best part of what I had for several years before I discovered that our standard authors on that subject knew nothing about it—Lindley Murray especially, the intense blockhead, whose gross blunders I ought to have detected at seven years of age, but did not till ten or eleven. That obtuseness of perception put me back sadly, and I had to learn what I know of grammar after I had devoted more time to it than it should have required in all. Ten weeks with the books we now have, are worth ten months with such as I learned from.

Geography I never studied much at all, for want of books, or rather maps. I learned my old "Morse's Abridgment" nearly by heart, but my brother tore the map out soon after I got it, and I have to this day a most imperfect idea of the relative position of places, though tolerably acquainted with so much of geography, or rather of its adjuncts, as is taught through the medium of letter-press.

My last summer schooling was at seven years of age, and then my time was so abstracted to "ride horse to plow" that I often reached the school-house after ten, and sometimes as late as eleven o'clock. Our house in Amherst was about two and a half miles distant from our proper school-house, but we generally attended one in Bedford about a mile off. But in 1817 my father moved five miles into Bedford, taking a large farm on shares, in order to let his small one to a needy brother. We lived in Bedford two years, and here our school was over a mile distant, and poor at that, being kept but six weeks in winter and perhaps three months in summer, the scholars being few, and the parents mainly poor. We moved back to our own place in April, 1819, and remained there till the following January, when, my father having become bankrupt, lost all his property, and been sold out by the sheriff, was glad of a chance to run away to Westhaven, Vermont, with a wife, four children of 10 to 4 years old, about fifty dollars in money, and what household stuff he could carry with us in a hired sleigh with two horses.

My father and mother were both very hard-working people, but bad managers, or rather he was. Beginning with nothing, and meeting with successive misfortunes, he had a proud spirit, and always wished to entertain all friends and relatives as well as they could him, no matter what their circumstances. He bought a little farm of fifty acres in war-time, etc., for over $1,300, and was compelled to sell it at last for $600. He had always much sickness in the family, lost one entire year by it himself, lost heavily (for him) by endorsing to save a brother from jail, and was shamefully defrauded by those whose farm he took in Bedford. They were the immediate cause of his pecuniary ruin. But he always was too fond of great men's smiles and promises, and both he and mother have always used ardent spirits and tobacco—very moderately, they think, but greatly to their injury, I know. But so we were cast out from New Hampshire.

In Vermont we all took hold again and worked hard. We cleared by the job fifty acres of old pine swamp, grown up to ash, alders, etc., and anything but an easy undertaking. On this father and his two sons worked pretty faithfully two years; then he took a saw-mill for a year, and we boys worked a little farm, which turned out badly. The land was a hard clay, utterly exhausted, and overgrown with most invincible Canada thistles. The summer was intensely dry; so the corn and potatoes died out, while the thistles grew and flourished rankly, in soil where you must strike three spiteful blows to split off a piece of clay as big as a hen's egg. Father's work was more productive, but the place was unhealthy, and we all had the fever and ague severely, either that fall or next summer. In the spring we moved back to our old neighborhood, and for two years worked a large worn-out farm on shares, and cleared twenty acres more upland, losing our labor by the destruction of our wheat crop by Hessian fly. These last years I did not go to school much in winters, as I had done before; in summers of course I could not. In the fall of the last (1825) I revisited New Hampshire, on foot and alone; and next spring (being fifteen years of age) I went to East Poultney, Vt., as an apprentice to the printing business in the office of the *Northern Spectator*. I had tried three years before to commend myself to a similar place in Whitehall, N. Y.—eight miles from where I lived—but was rejected as too young and feeble. I narrowly escaped a like fate in Poultney, but one was much wanted, so I was tried, and made myself acceptable.

Father went West soon after in search of a place to settle, and in September returned and took his family to Erie county, Pennsylvania, where he has ever since resided. The parting was a sore trial to me, and I was almost persuaded to go off with them, my place being then hard and disagreeable, but I said good-bye and went back to my cold, strange home with a dry face but a sore heart. Next Fall I went out to see the folks in their new home—over five hundred miles by my route—making the journey and back on twelve dollars, including three that I ran in debt. I could not do it again. I paid them another visit in the spring of 1829, and in June, 1830, bid adieu to Poultney, and went West to live, the paper stopping at that time.

I spent a part of the following year ('30–'31) at my father's, but worked at my trade when I could find work in Jamestown, Chatauqua county, New York, Lodi, Cattaraugus county, New York, and, last and longest, at Erie, Erie county, Penn. Here I staid five months, and, beginning at a very low estimate, was finally offered a partnership by the editor and printer for whom I worked. The concern was a very good one, but it looked as though I should have the work to do against another man's play, and I declined it—rather unwisely, I suspect. Late in July, 1831, finding no more work in that quarter, I started for this city, reaching here a few months under age, with ten dollars in my pocket, and not an acquaintance within two hundred miles. My clothes were scanty and seedy, my appearance green and unprepossessing; and I had a hard struggle to find work and keep it. (Davy Hale of the *Journal of Commerce* insisted that I was a runaway apprentice, but he was in error.)

I obtained work pretty soon, but it was such as older hands would not do, and I had to work fourteen hours a day to make about $5.50 per week. This lasted eight or nine weeks, after which I walked the streets ten days anxiously looking everywhere for work. I wished to go to Washington to look for work, but could not pay my way, as the purchase of a second-hand suit of clothes (the Hebrew shaved me villainously, for though cheap there was no wear and little warmth in them) had about exhausted all my earnings beyond my board. At the next place I worked a fortnight, but could not get my pay. Soon after, I obtained another job at the old place—hard, but not *so* bad as the atrocious miniature Testament I first worked on—double columns, twelve ems wide of Agate, full of Greek and superior letters for references, with a centre column of Pearl references to other texts. I never found any work so poor as this, at the prices paid for it. So I worried through a year, working from place to place, and witnessing the ravages of the cholera, (1832.) That Fall I went back to New Hampshire on a visit; saw relatives in Lowell, Londonderry, Manchester, Amherst, Francistown, Alstead, and thence crossed to visit a cousin in Springfield, Vt. Thence went to Newport, N. H., to see an uncle I did not find, and came back to this city just in time to vote against Andrew Jackson's reëlection.

I went to work again; and in the course of the winter joined a fellow-workman (F. V. Story) in buying a few type, and undertaking the printing (not publishing) of a two-cent paper. It failed speedily, for the editor and publishers had neither money nor brains, and we were left without our pay, and with the type on our hands. My partner went out to work as a foreman; I kept on our little concern, and soon obtained some business, which proved very good. In July my partner was drowned, and a friend of the family took his interest in the concern. We did well, and next spring, (22d March, 1834,) we issued the first number of my long projected cheap weekly newspaper, The New-Yorker. It was tolerably edited and well printed, but never well published, and so anything but profitable. It starved us together for three years, until we dissolved, and my partner took that part of our business which had thus far upheld the paper, leaving the paper alone to me and a most unfit third partner, as publisher. He left me in the fall of 1837, most unhandsomely, and I struggled on in the face of imminent bankruptcy till 1840. I had several partners, one after another, but they proved no helps to me, and soon withdrew. At one time, in 1837, it seemed impossible to stave off bankruptcy another day beyond the next, when a kind friend happened to call upon me, and, seeing my evident sadness, learned, on inquiry, that I *must* have five hundred dollars to take up a note next day, and knew not where to look for one cent of it. He offered to lend me the money, and did; afterward increasing the loan to one thousand dollars.

In 1838, I was engaged to edit a Whig weekly at Albany, entitled the *Jeffersonian*, and was paid one thousand dollars for a year's service. This was a great help. I regularly went up to Albany Saturday night, made up my paper there by Tuesday night, took the boat down, and got out my *New-Yorker* by Friday; then prepared copy for part of next number, and caught my valise for Albany again. A part of each winter ('38 and '39) I spent in Albany, doing little for my *New-Yorker* but by proxy. In '39 my difficulties were as pressing as ever, though not so hard to bear as in '37, when they were novelties. In 1840, matters gradually brightened with me, in good part owing to my establishment of the *Log Cabin*, a Harrison campaign paper, which acquired an immense circulation—eighty thousand. It was very cheap, and I was obliged to publish it very wastefully, so that the actual gain from it was small; but it supplied me at the outset with a flood of ready money, enabled me to turn myself, and pay off my old debts, so that my credit was better ever after. In 1841, (April 10,) I issued the first number of the *Daily Tribune*, which I should not have done had I not issued a prospectus before Gen. Harrison's death. This enterprise of course required ready money for a time, and a great deal of it, and I was again straitened; but early in the fall a kind Providence impelled Mr. Thomas McElrath, formerly a bookseller, then a lawyer and Master in Chancery, to call on me and suggest the idea of a partnership. I gladly closed with him on any terms, and from that day to this not another hair has been worn off my head by the aching puzzle of studying out the means of paying to-morrow's note. I have embarrassed myself greatly by endorsing and trying to help others, but the finances of the concern have never cost me an hour's sleep. I have been, as I always wished to be, an editor and a partner in a publishing business, but no burdens but those of editor have fallen on me. Our business is now prosperous, and has been measurably so ever since Mr. McElrath came into the concern. In September, 1841, we discontinued the *New-Yorker*, and commenced the *Weekly Tribune*, which has done well, and now enjoys a large circulation.

I was married in 1836, (before the evil days came,) to Mary Y. Cheney—a Connecticut schoolmistress, then teaching in Warrenton, N. C.—a little younger than and just as rich as I was, though I then fancied myself in a way to live comfortably. But the *New-Yorker* never yielded me anything. We have had three children, only one of whom survives—Arthur Young Greeley, born 22d March last year, ten years to a day from the date of my first issue of the *New-Yorker*.

There, you have my story. I did not mean to write such a yarn, but I never thought of writing on the subject before, and this has run off my fingers unconsciously. I ought to have said that I was offered an education at Exeter Academy, in 1819, (just before our New Hampshire downfall,) by the minister of Bedford and one or two friends. My parents declined it—partly from pride I believe—but mother said she was not willing to part with me then, nine years of age. Of course what I have learned has been picked up by the way. I suppose I ought to be sorry, but I am not much.

Yours truly,
HORACE GREELEY.

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PROVERBS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Proverbs are excellent things. They save a deal of thinking, being general results applicable to the daily necessities of men. They often throw light upon a perplexity; solve a problem in morals; express a criticism upon current affairs; throw a beam of wit or humor upon some dark spot. As a general thing, newspapers tend to destroy proverbs. A reading and intelligent people are likely to form their own opinions, and give expression to them in their own way. An intelligent but not reading people betake themselves to proverbs. Every nation has its own proverbs, though some proverbs run through all languages.

Precisely the same sentiment is expressed by very different forms. Thus while one says, "They that live in glass houses should not throw stones," another expresses the same notion more quaintly: "Folks that have straw tails should not play with fire."

"A bird in the hand," etc., has an equivalent in "Better one bird in the net than a flock in the air."

The number of proverbs is simply enormous. The Spanish have, in one collection, twenty-four thousand, and there have been gathered from all languages some one hundred thousand. Many of them are hardly worth keeping, many are synonyms; but, after all the sifting, the number is very great, and there is hardly a side of human life and experience that has not some shrewd proverb.

A few of those not common among us may be worth quoting:

"Thy secret is thy prisoner: if thou lettest go, thou art its prisoner."

"Thy friend hath a friend, and thy friend's friend hath a friend; therefore, if thou hast a secret, reveal it not unto a friend."

Attention to one's business has given rise to many thrifty proverbs:

"One eye of the master sees more than four of the servant."

"Not to oversee workmen is to leave your purse open."

"The master's eye makes the horse fat."

The Greeks had the proverb before us. Perses being asked what was the best thing to make a horse fat, replied, "The master's eye;" and what the best manure, "The master's foot." The same idea is expressed by Gellius: "A fat man riding upon a lean horse was asked how it came to pass that *himself* was so fat, and his horse so lean, and replied, 'I feed myself; my servant feeds my horse.'"

There is a universal belief in *Luck*, and proverbs swarm on that matter. "Give a man luck and throw him into the sea, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth." This is probably an Egyptian proverb of very great antiquity, as its most ancient form was, "Throw him into the *Nile*."

"A drop of luck is worth a cask of wisdom." This is a proverb that exemplifies the fact that proverbs are true in special cases, but false when made of general application. Some men of great wisdom are not so successful in many elements of life as men of very little sagacity. We see men stumble into fortunes which other men of ten times their shrewdness seek in vain for scores of years, and the proverb hits these cases; yet every one knows that, on the whole, success goes with the painstaking and wise.

Proverbs abound about reputation:

"He that hath an ill name is half-hanged."

"When all men say you are an ass, it is high time to bray."

"A wild goose never laid a tame egg," is another rendering of "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

The Italians have a singular proverb as to preparation for success. "He that would travel safely through the world should have a hawk's eye, an ass's ears, an ape's face, a merchant's words, a camel's back, a hog's mouth, and a hart's legs."

There is no end of sarcastic hits at the various trades and professions.

"The devil would have been a weaver but for the lawyers."

"Put a miller, a weaver and a tailor in a bag and shake them up; the first one that comes out is a thief."

"An honest miller has a *golden thumb*."

"Three dear years will earn a baker's daughter's marriage portion."

This must suffice for this week. But many of the old proverbs might afford a text for an essay well worth writing and reading.

◆

A Praying Wife.

On the occasion of the terrible boiler explosion in the American Iron Works, in Pittsburgh, on the third day of this month, it is said that Mrs. CLARKE, wife of one of the employes, hearing the noise of the explosion, instantly fell upon her knees and commenced to pray. While she was in the attitude of supplication, a piece of the boiler, weighing seven hundred pounds, struck the house, and went crushing through the room on the line where her head would have been had she remained standing.

◆

—The controversy between the friends of the famous horses, Longfellow and Bassett, is not yet at an end. In our last number, we copied the following paragraph on this subject from the *N. Y. Observer*, edited by Rev. Dr. PRIME:

"Longfellow lost his last race by a neck or a length, but a measurement of his footprints afterward showed—so say good horse authorities—that, lame as he was, he travelled forty-seven feet more than Bassett."

We agree with the writer in the *Observer* that Longfellow is superior to Bassett; in fact, we think that Longfellow is the fastest running horse that has ever been raised in this country, and that his sire Leamington is the best horse that has been imported from England in our day; but since a religious paper like the *Observer* takes so much interest in this matter, why does not its editor, the Rev. Dr. PRIME, settle the controversy by *having the track measured*, and then he could decide beyond doubt whether Longfellow, by being placed on the outside, really travelled, as the *Observer* claims, forty-seven feet more than Bassett.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

I.
Sing, sing!
O, sweet bird, sing!
Our Gussie is sweet sixteen;
And never a bird in a greenwood tree
Could carol or sing more merrily,
Than the happy, joyous, laughing girl
Who set all our sluggish hearts a whirl,
As she said, in her charming, roguish way,
"I am *sweet sixteen* to-day!"

II.
Blow, blow!
O, red rose, blow!
Our Gussie is sweet sixteen;
And never a rose in a garden fair
With our beauteous maiden can compare;
The bloom of her cheeks, and her cherry lips,
Are sweeter than sweets the honey-bee sips
From the dewy rose on its dancing spray;
And she 's sweet sixteen to-day.

III.
Bloom, bloom!
O, lily, bloom!
Our Gussie is sweet sixteen;
And never a lily so fair as she,
And never a gem in the deep, deep sea,
Hath half the purity and grace
Of our 'witching maid with the blithesome face;
And she is the pearl of our home, we say,
And sweet sixteen to-day.

IV.
Dance, dance!
O, soft wind, dance!
Our Gussie is sweet sixteen;
And never a zephyr in orange grove
Or citron shade, though it long may rove,
And steal through beauty's bowers, can bless
More winsome maid with its soft caress;
And well we love the lass so gay,
Who is sweet sixteen to-day.

V.
Charms, charms!
O, winning charms
Of our Gussie, sweet sixteen!
Sly Cupid is waiting to pierce with his dart
Our beautiful maiden's untouched heart,
For a youth will come this way, and our prize
Find favor in younger and brighter eyes;
And a wedding ring will steal away
Our sweet sixteen some day.

THE

HAUNTED HUSBAND;

—OR—

Lady Chetwynd's Spectre.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," "A BONE OF CONTENTION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

BERNICE AT MAWR CASTLE.

Mawr Castle, the retreat to which Gilbert Monk had brought the youthful Marchioness of Chetwynd, was a grim old stronghold of feudal times, throned upon a high and lonely rock overlooking the boundless ocean. It had once possessed fortress-like walls, high ramparts, a grim portcullis and a drawbridge upon its landward side, but the walls were in ruins now, the moat was nearly filled with stones and fallen buttresses, and the portcullis had rusted in its rest with centuries of disuse.

A portion of the castle was also in ruins. Here and there stood up against the starry night sky a high and lonely fragment of wall, with arched apertures showing where windows had been.

That portion of the castle nearest the sea was in a better state of preservation. It was perched upon the very edge of a dizzy precipice which had a sheer descent of three hundred feet, to where the white and eager waves hungrily lapped its base. There were rude steps cut into the rocks, leading down to the sea. Upon this side were a few habitable rooms.

This grim old relic of a past age was believed to have been built by Danish pirates in that dim long ago when the Northmen overran England, swooping down upon the English as the hawk upon its prey. It had well served its ancient purpose as a stronghold. It had belonged for centuries to a noble Welsh family named Penrhynn, which was now impoverished and reduced to a single male representative, and he was a grim, bronzed Colonel in the Indian army. The castle had been uninhabited for years, save that one old woman found shelter in its walls. Gilbert Monk had visited the spot once in a tour of Wales, and had remembered it as the loneliest, wildest scene his eyes had ever rested upon. It had been left in the charge of an old retainer of the family, who lived in a little hamlet by the sea, a mile below; and Monk, in his character of the father of an invalid daughter, had hired the castle of this person at a merely nominal rent for two years' occupancy.

It was therefore with the air of a landed proprietor, or lord of the manor, that Gilbert Monk lifted Bernice in his arms and carried her toward the grim and ruined pile. She lay against him heavily, being exhausted. He found a pathway among the piles of upheaved masonry, and passed into the shadows of the lonely fragments of walls, picking his way carefully in the half-gloom, lighted by the starlight that poured in at the pointed apertures in the ruined walls. Mrs. Crowl followed her employer in silence. The driver of the carriage, having made inquiries, drove around the broken walls to an old stone stable on the mountain side, and here stalled his horses.

Gilbert Monk carefully picked his way onward, his light burden in his arms, and guided now by a gleam of light that burst suddenly from an open doorway many rods in advance. He shouted loudly, and a feeble response came to him. Then an old woman appeared in the doorway, holding her light above her head and waving it slowly to and fro.

Thus guided, Monk and Mrs. Crowl safely completed their journey through the ruins, and arrived at the threshold upon which the old resident of Mawr Castle was standing.

"Is it the Englishman?" asked the old woman. "I see it is. You are welcome, sir. It's a hard walk across those stones, but last night was a wild night, sir, and the ivied wall fell in. You can easily pick your way by daylight though, sir."

She retreated into the room with her light. The new-comers followed her, finding themselves in a great old-fashioned kitchen with a stone floor, several tall arched windows, a yawning fireplace, some quaint, high-backed wooden settles, and a dresser whose shelves displayed utensils of brass and copper burnished like mirrors. There was a fire on the hearth, and Monk laid Bernice down upon a settle before it.

The old woman stirred her fire to a brighter blaze.

She was a fitting guardian for the ancient ruin, having also seen her best days. She was very old, and her thin figure was bowed, but there was a strong vitality within her still. Her eyes were keen and bright. Her hair, white as snow, was smoothly brushed under a high mob cap of spotless whiteness. She walked with a staff, but she did not lean upon it. She was Welsh, and had lived all her life in the old castle. She could remember when, in her young days, gayety and brightness dwelt in those damp old rooms—when visitors thronged to the lonely, romantic place—when gay young riders filled the courts—when pleasure-boats sailed upon the sea before the castle—when servants bustled in the kitchen, and feasting and dancing and merriment were the order of the day. But the glory of the Penrhynns was past; the daughters were married and gone; and the impoverished heir, an elderly man, was in distant India, carving his fortune with his sword. All these changes had wrought lines and wrinkles upon Elspie's aged face, but all her honest sorrow could not dim the kindly expression of her features.

"The young lady is tired," said Monk briefly, noting the pitying look bestowed upon the young peeress by the ancient peasant woman. "We have travelled since before daybreak, and she is ill. You seem to have expected us. Are our rooms ready?"

"Yes, sir," replied the woman, in a strongly accented voice. "The furniture you sent here has been arranged as you directed. The man Flack assisted me. There have been fires in your rooms every day, to dry out the damp. It's thirty years since them rooms were slept in. There are fires in them now. I did not expect you to-night, sir, but I am wakeful and I heard you coming. I have been all ready for you since yesterday."

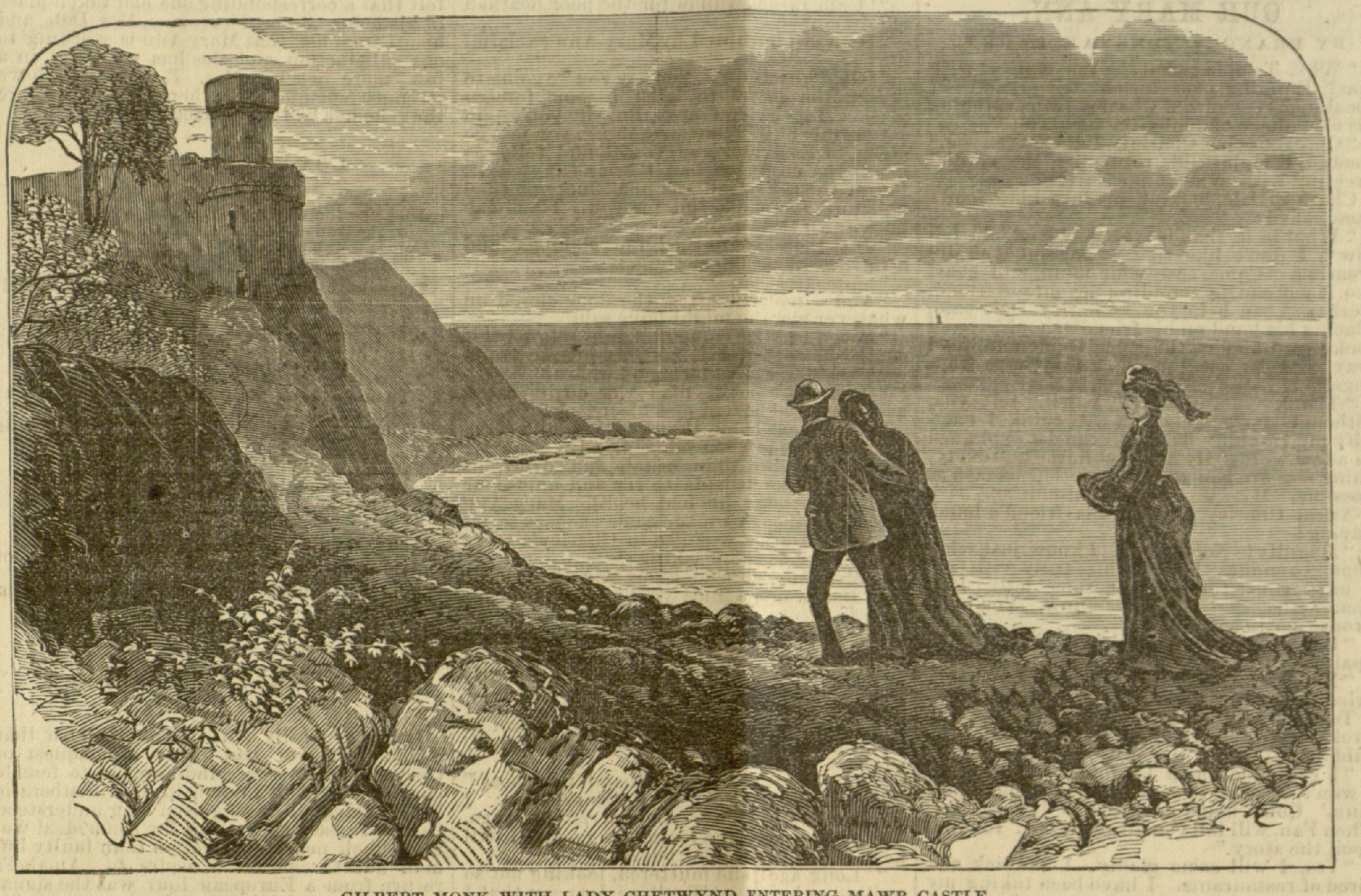
"Very well," said Monk approvingly. "We will go up to our rooms immediately. Take up your light and show us the way. I will carry the young lady, who is too tired to walk. Our driver will soon be in, and you must prepare him a hot supper. We are all hungry and chilled."

The old woman took up her candle and conducted the new-comers into a damp stone passage, up a flight of rickety stone steps to the drawing-room floor. The rooms upon the floor above this leaked, and were damp, mouldy, and unwholesome. In fact, the few habitable rooms were upon this floor, and old Elspie hastened to exhibit them.

The state drawing-room had not been used for thirty years, and was dismantled. The little furniture that remained in decent preservation had been gathered into a little square parlor overlooking the sea. There was a faded carpet here, worn to threadbareness. The furniture was incongruous, and the various articles composing it "swore at each other," as the French say. There were red chairs, blue sofas, yellow fauteuils, and green ottomans. The walls were painted in panelled pictures. The great blazing fire, and the great wide uncurtained window, gave the room a cheerful aspect.

Beyond the parlor were Bernice's private apartments, all warmed with hot fires. The dressing-room and bedroom were newly and neatly furnished. Beyond the bedroom of Lady Chetwynd, and connected with it by a door, was a second bedroom, designed for the use of Mrs. Crowl.

Monk's room was at some distance from these, down the long hall and a second corridor. His room had once been a morning room, or private boudoir, and was still in tolerable preservation.



GILBERT MONK WITH LADY CHETWYND ENTERING MAWR CASTLE.

Monk deposited his burden upon a sofa in the parlor, and the girl stirred feebly, and spoke for the first time since her arrival at the castle.

"I am not hungry—only tired," she said wearily. "Let me go to my room."

"Your dressing-room is next to this, Miss," said Mrs. Crowl, "and your bedroom is beyond. I'll carry you to your room myself."

She suited the action to the word. She undressed Bernice tenderly, and ensconced her in the warm, well-aired bed, with its furnishings of dainty linen and soft blankets. Lady Chetwynd fell asleep upon the instant. Mrs. Crowl took up the candle and explored the two rooms.

The bedroom was curtained and carpeted, and overlooked the sea, as did all the rooms of the suit. It was neat and clean, and pleasant.

The dressing-room was also curtained and carpeted. There was a dressing case upon a table, handsomely fitted up. There were a writing desk and work box, odor cases and flasks of cologne water. The brushes and hand mirror were all backed with fine ivory exquisitely carved. There were two trunks, both locked, which Mrs. Crowl knew to contain ready-made clothing of every description suitable for ladies' wear, besides unmade linens and silks, shawl, embroideries and flannels, all intended for Bernice. It was evident that Gilbert Monk expected the young Marchioness to remain a long time at Mawr Castle.

Having satisfied her curiosity, Mrs. Crowl returned to the parlor.

The round table had been spread during her absence with a supper. Cold meats, sweet biscuits, hot coffee, broiled ham, toasted bread, and a bottle of wine were displayed, and Monk sat at the table eating busily. The old guardian of the castle had retired to the kitchen to wait upon the driver.

Mrs. Crowl took her place at the table quite as Monk's equal. He waited upon her politely.

"The rooms look very well," said the woman, pouring her coffee. "They are warm and cheerful, and those are the chief requisites. I shall live as a lady here, Mr. Monk, and I shall enjoy it. I was brought up as a lady, but I have been lady's maid and nursery governess and seamstress since then—thanks to my own folly and to the villain I married. I wonder if he's living still," and a musing expression came upon her powerful face.

"I shall leave here in the morning, in the carriage we came in," said Gilbert Monk, breaking in upon her reflections. "I will return within a week, and bring with me books, a few engravings, and some music. There is a cottage piano here. I sent it up from town. Let Flack come to meet me at Carnarvon, on the evening of Monday next. I'll ride home in my own carriage, seeing I own one. I have used my money lavishly lately, and my funds are running low. I will replenish my purse while I am away."

He finished his supper, and went to his own distant room. Mrs. Crowl retired to her own room, adjoining that of Lady Chetwynd.

The next morning breakfast was served in the little parlor, which was bright and cozy by daylight. One did not notice so much the incongruity of the furniture, seeing that the articles were all alike faded. A breakfast of broiled chickens, hot coffee and hot cakes was placed upon the snow-white cloth. Beef tea and other invalid's delicacies were ready for Lady Chetwynd.

Monk was first in the room, and paced to and fro impatiently, looking frequently at his watch. He had paused at the immense window to watch a fishing smack on the billows, when Mrs. Crowl entered with the young Marchioness.

Monk sprang forward to meet her. He had washed off the paint upon his face, and looked as boyish as formerly. Bernice noticed the change in him with a vague sense of relief.

She was very wan and pale still, very weak and full of trembling, but she looked better than she had done since her rescue from the burial vault. She held out her thin brown hand to Monk, who seized upon it, pressing it fervently.

"I am glad to see you looking so like yourself, Bernice," he exclaimed. "I shall have less anxiety about you during my absence. I start this morning for London, there to begin my search for Roy. I shall bring him back with me. Will you promise to be content while I am gone—to get strong and well as possible? I want to present to Roy, not a ghostly wife with the pallor of the tomb upon her, but a wife who is happy, and flushed with returning health. He will deem you doubly restored to him then."

"I will try to get strong, Gilbert," said the youthful peeress, sinking into the chair to which he had led her. "You are very good to me, and I am very grateful. Mrs. Crowl will take good care of me in your absence, and I will pray every hour for your safe and speedy return with Roy."

"I shall come as soon as I can, Bernice. I shall know no rest until I return. You will not be troubled with visitors. There are no neighbors nearer than the fishing village a mile below. No one will call upon you or molest you. You are safe here, and I trust you will be contented."

There was some further conversation, and then the meal was over.

Gilbert Monk kissed Lady Chetwynd as a brother might have done, and she clung to him for a moment as to her only friend. Then she tottered away from him to the window, and he went out. Mrs. Crowl accompanied him to the waiting carriage, and presently returned, announcing that Monk was gone. He was on his way to London, full of his evil schemes, and bristling with exultation at his present triumph. And Lady Chetwynd remained behind him at grim Mawr Castle, a willing captive, watching with anguished hope and suspense for his expected return with her young husband. Ah, she little dreamed of the weary months that lay like a yawning abyss between her and Lord Chetwynd—she little dreamed under what circumstances she should again see her husband—how, and when, and where!

CHAPTER XX.

WAITING.

Gilbert Monk had two objects in view in his journey to London. First, he desired Lady Chetwynd to think that he was searching for her husband. It was necessary to his plans that the young Marchioness should think him her best friend, and devoted to her interests, should rely upon him, trust him with the fullest confidence, and should feel the utmost dependence upon him. She was a stranger in England, knowing nothing of English manners and customs beyond the knowledge she had derived from books and during her two months' sojourn at Chetwynd Park, as innocent as a little child of any suspicion of wiles and schemes and sinister motives in others, ignorant of the wickedness and crimes filling the great world. She was, in short, guileless, unsuspecting, believing others as honest as herself, and as truthful. The young island girl, in her very innocence and ignorance, seemed destined for a ready victim.

His second object in going to London was to procure more money, of which he was in urgent need. He had hired Mawr Castle for two years, at a merely nominal rent it is true, but he had paid his rent in advance, in order not to be troubled by the visits of the old retainer who had acted as agent for its impoverished owner. He had bought the horses and carriage, had purchased a supply of costly clothing for Bernice, had paid his confederates certain sums which might be termed "retaining fees," and had completely depleted his purse.

Accordingly he did not stop in London, but hastened down to Sussex and Chetwynd Park.

His delight may be imagined when he learned from his sister that the Marquis had left England, and had gone no one knew whither. Fate seemed playing directly into his hands. He felt in that moment the conviction of his ultimate and perfect success in his villainous and nefarious schemes. His joy at Chetwynd's departure was greatly augmented by the discovery that the Marquis had provided for his, Monk's, pecuniary wants, by leaving a thousand pounds for his use with Mr. Sanders, and he hastened to apply for it. After a long and private interview with Sylvia, he walked through the chill shadows of the home park to the house of the bailiff.

He was ushered into the cozy drawing-room of the bailiff's pretty villa, and Mr. Sanders speedily joined him there. Monk hastened to make known his errand.

"I will give you a check for the amount, sir," said the bailiff. "Lord Chetwynd desired me to say to you, that should you need more money at any time, he will honor your draft for an additional two hundred pounds—that is, that sum may be had upon application to me."

"His lordship is very generous," said Monk, "but I may not require the additional amount. The truth is, Sanders, though I am reading law, and am hard at work like some mere money-grubber, I expect soon to come into a fortune of my own."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed the bailiff, in surprise. "I was not aware that you had expectations."

"But I have, and great ones. They cannot be realized under a year, however; and meantime I must live, you know. You think me a sort of hanger-on at the Park, Sanders, I don't doubt, but you will see me rich and honored, if you live fifteen months longer."

"I had not heard that you have rich relations, sir," said Sanders respectfully. "It must be that you are going to make a rich marriage."

"We shall see what we shall see," said Monk oracularly, pocketing the check. "By the way, how does Chetwynd bear his bereavement?"

"He seems absolutely heart-broken, sir. I never saw a gentleman take anything so to heart as he takes her ladyship's death. He has given orders that a memorial slab shall be placed in the wall of the church, but beyond that he has no thought of business nor projects of any description. He has wandered away in a desperate, despairing mood, not caring whether he ever returns. Lady Chetwynd was a mere girl, plain of features and ignorant of the world, but she seems to have possessed some wondrous charm of fascination that was like a spell upon all who knew her. The Marquis absolutely adored her."

"He will be back again in a year," said Monk confidently. "He is of a domestic turn, you know, and pets his tenants, and has a hobby of improving his estate, and all that sort of thing, and he'll come back next year tanned and bearded like a Turk perhaps, misanthropic, I dare say, and cynical and full of whims; but he'll come. A man does not remain always heart-broken and a wanderer from a good home, a grand estate, a splendid position, just because he has lost his wife. Why, he never saw her till this summer. And men lose their wives every day, good women to whom they have been wedded a score of years, and they get over the loss and marry again. And so Chetwynd will do."

Sanders shook his head.

"The Chetwynds are not a light-headed, light-hearted race, sir," he said sorrowfully. "My lord loved his young wife with all his soul, and he'll love her to the end. He'll die with her name on his lips. His love was his life, sir."

"All that is very pretty," said Monk, "but let me give you a hint, Sanders, as a guide to your future conduct. It is in confidence, mind. You remember, for you were present, that Lord Chetwynd's mother, and my step-mother, the late Lady Barbara Monk, exacted a promise from the Marquis that his lordship would marry her step-daughter, my sister, Sylvia Monk? You remember that there was a solemn betrothal of the pair at that death-bed?"

"I remember, sir."

"Lord Chetwynd proved false to his vows of betrothal," resumed Monk, "and married Miss Bernice Gwellan of St. Kilda—"

"Pardon me, sir. It was not in my lord's nature to prove false to any one. There must have been some mistake somewhere—he might have been released by Miss Monk—"

"Nonsense. My sister loved him! Chetwynd must have told the whole story to his young wife, for upon her death-bed Lady Chetwynd put her husband's hand in Sylvia's, and urged his lordship to marry his first love in a year's time. And though, of course, he's upset and heart-broken, and all that, he'll obey his wife's dying injunction. You see he's bound to Sylvia in a dozen ways. Half his distress now arises from his sensitive horror of death. He's got one of those finely strung natures that cannot bear the first shock of bereavement. Don't you remember how his mother's death upset him? No, Sanders, mark my words. He is young and strong, and he won't die—he'll marry again. And, Sanders, he will marry my sister, and be happy with her. His mother and his wife both, in dying, implored him to marry her. He'll do it."

Mr. Sanders was impressed with the solemnly uttered prophecy.

"He will marry Miss Monk, I also think, sir," he remarked. "His sense of honor will constrain him. I shall be glad to witness the marriage, sir. Miss Monk is well-born, graceful, handsome, and loves him. She will keep him at home among his people. She was his mother's choice for him. I hope you may be right, Mr. Monk."

Monk arose, satisfied with the impression his words had made, and took his leave. He returned to the Park and dined with his sister. After dinner he proceeded to Eastbourne, and thence to London.

He remained in town two or three days, purchasing books, a few choice engravings, and various other articles for the use of Lady Chetwynd. Burdened with these, he returned to Wales, arriving on the evening he had appointed for his return.

Flack was awaiting him at the railway station of Carnarvon. The trunks and parcels were transported to Monk's carriage—which he had bought at second-hand—and the employer then said, in a low voice:

"I take it for granted, Flack, that all is well at the castle. I could not speak before all those guards and porters. Is the young lady doing well?"

"Very well, sir," said Flack. "She walks among the ruins every day, and asks eagerly when you are likely to be back. She does not know I came to meet you to-night. Lor', sir, this an't no abduction case. Why, she's unhappy without you, and just pining for you to get back. She's regularly in love with you, and no mistake."

Monk smiled. He had not enlightened Flack in regard to Bernice's identity, leaving him still to believe that he, Monk, was the girl's lover.

He climbed up to the box, as did Flack, the trunks and parcels being put inside the carriage, and drove down the streets of Carnarvon on their way to Mawr Castle. It was a long and hard ride, and it was nearly midnight when the horses slowly toiled up the steep, precipitous hill upon which the grim and lonely ruined stronghold was perched.

Lady Chetwynd had long since retired, but Mrs. Crowl was up and dressed, and waiting for Monk. There was a tempting supper spread for him in Bernice's little parlor, and he sat down to it and was served by his confederate.

"How does the young lady get along?" he asked, sipping his wine.

"She is as impatient as a caged eagle," replied Mrs. Crowl. "She is still weak, but walks about the rooms and watches the sea, the waves and the boats, and asks me every day if I think you will come to-day. She will not read, nor take things quietly. She wants 'Roy.' To-day I called her 'Miss,' as usual, when she told me with a little haughtiness, that she was the Marchioness of Chetwynd. I cautioned her not to repeat the statement to old Elspie or the man Flack, for that Lady Chetwynd was dead and buried, and I saw her obituary in the court papers myself. She's a proud, high-bred, aristocratic young creature, and as ignorant of the world as any young baby."

"So much the better. I like mettlesome women. You may tell her in the morning that I am come. I will meet her at breakfast."

Having satisfied the cravings of his appetite, Monk departed to his own room.

He was in the little parlor at nine o'clock in the morning. It was deserted. The fire burned brightly on the hearth, the wide window shone and glittered with cleanliness, and the furniture of many colors had been put into a uniform suit of white linen bound with scarlet. The threadbare carpet had been covered with a bright drugget, and a velvet rug lay before the hearth. The room was even pretty in its changed aspect, and more than ever cozy and cheerful. The table was spread for breakfast, with glittering electro-plate, spotless linen and china, and faultless cutlery.

Monk was standing before the fire, warming his hands—the day was chill—when he heard a little ecstatic cry in the adjoining dressing-room, and the door opened, and Bernice came running out to him, her wan, brown face aglow, her eyes shining like twin suns.

She looked at Monk—past him—at the door—the window.

Then the flush faded from her face, leaving her ghastly pale.

"Where—where is Roy?" she faltered. "Did you not bring him, Gilbert? Is he in the hall?"

Gilbert Monk's swarthy face assumed an expression of tender commiseration. He approached her, took her hand in his, and led her to a sofa.

"I am come alone, Bernice," he said, with seeming sorrow.

"Alone? Where is Roy? Not dead, Gilbert? Oh, not dead!"

Her wild young voice rang like a wail through the room.

"No, not dead, Bernice. He has left England, and not even Sanders the bailiff knows where he is gone. He said he might go to Africa, India, China, or Australia. He may have gone to the wilds of America, to the Brazils, or to the North Pole. He has gone and left no trace behind him!"

"Oh, merciful Heaven! Gone! A wanderer! And I living—I waiting for him!" wailed Bernice. "Oh, Roy, Roy!"

A death-like faintness swept over her, and her head fell on her bosom. Monk brought restoratives to her and she soon revived, but she was weak and drooping, and her wan, piteous face was full of a wild despair.

"Do not give way like this, Bernice," said Monk gently. "I know you are physically weak, but let your high spirit uphold you. You can bear this trial. It is not as if he were dead. I have brought you the court papers—see—with the account of his departure. Read this!"

He unfolded a copy of a court journal and exhibited a marked paragraph.

It was to the effect that the Marquis of Chetwynd, "whose recent romantic marriage with a young lady of the island of St. Hilda we but lately chronicled, and who has just been cruelly bereft of his young wife by fever, has left England upon a prolonged tour, whose aim and end are uncertain. His lordship is much broken by his terrible bereavement, and will seek change of scene in far romantic lands. We trust his self-imposed exile will be brief, and that he will soon return to his native country in improved health and spirits."

Bernice read the lines in a sort of stupefaction.

"He may die where he has gone!" she murmured, with white lips. "He may never know that I did not die, Gilbert—that I am still living!"

"He will come back within fifteen months, I am assured, Bernice," said Monk cheerfully. "He is safe enough. There is a year of separation between you, that is all. Can you not bear that bravely? Will you pine and die of grief in his absence? He is gone, and it is impossible to trace him. I have tried, but vainly. The world is bigger than you dream, Bernice. We can do only one thing—wait!"

"And it is the hardest thing to do."

"A year ago you had not seen Chetwynd, and now your soul is wrapped up in him. Life is strange," said Monk, sighing. "But Chetwynd is gone, and cannot be recalled. We cannot find him, or hasten his return. The bailiff thinks his lordship will be back in fifteen months. Let us think of yourself, Bernice. How and where are you to pass the time of your husband's absence?"

A blank look overspread the girl's despairing face.

"What am I to do, Gilbert?" she asked. "I cannot go back to Chetwynd Park without him—indeed I cannot. Every room there would remind me of him. He might hear too abruptly of my presence there, or if he did not hear it, people would frighten me with their starings and questionings. Oh, no. If Sylvia were there, I might take shelter in her friendship, but she is gone, you say—"

"To the north of England," said Monk falsely. "The Park is shut up, Bernice, the servants dismissed, and only the butler, Mrs. Skewer and a maid or two and the grooms in charge. You could hardly remain there with only servants for companions."

"I cannot go to the rector of Chetwynd-by-sea. He has no wife. I cannot go to the bailiff of the Chetwynd estates, for that would not be so well as to go directly to the Park. Oh, Gilbert, I dread to go back to Sussex alone. I cannot. If it were not winter, and the journey therefore impossible, I would go back to St. Kilda. As it is, I have no home—no refuge."

"You have this house, Bernice," suggested Monk, approaching the point of his manœuvres. "I have taken a lease of Mawr Castle for two years. It is hidden away from the world, in a mountain region, on a desolate, rocky coast. You have said that the scenery reminds you of that of St. Kilda. No visitors will ever intrude upon you here. Mrs. Crowl will remain with you. You have horses and a carriage at your disposal. No one need know you as the Marchioness of Chetwynd, who is believed to be dead and buried. If your identity were known, the superstitious villagers below might annoy you. You could pass as Miss Gwellan—it's a Welsh name, you know—and live here in safe obscurity till Roy comes home. I should be much of the time in London, but could come here at any moment at your summons, and should come to see you once a fortnight. It is the only safe place I know of for you. Be guided by me, Bernice, and remain."

"You are my best friend, Gilbert—you saved me from an awful death—you brought me back from the grave. I love you as if you were my brother. I will stay here."

Monk pressed her hand respectfully, and with seeming affection.

"I know the world better than you do, Bernice. I'm a man of the world; I know that you have chosen well to remain here.

And now I want you to make me a promise. It's for your own good, my dear little Bernice, and Roy would approve it. There is a certain horror attaching in England to any one who has been buried alive. It is much the same as the horror experienced at sight of a criminal who has been hanged and resuscitated. People draw away from one who has been rescued from the grave; they whisper aside; they feel a horrible awe; they are afraid. It is as if one had come back from the other world. To spare your sensitive soul the anguish of feeling yourself thus outcast for no fault of your own, my poor Bernice, I want you to promise me not to reveal your name and identity to any human being without my permission."

The girl shuddered at the picture he had drawn, but having implicit confidence in him, accepted his statement unhesitatingly.

"I promise," she said, "excepting Roy—"

"Excepting no one," said Monk firmly. "I know Roy's high-strung nature. The sudden shock of finding you alive, whom he mourns as dead, would kill him. When the time comes, I will prepare him to receive you. Am I not your best friend, Bernice? Did I not save you? Am I not devoted to your interests? Have I not just been up to London searching for Roy? Have faith in me. Promise me that not even to Roy will you betray the secret that you still live, until I tell you it is time. Prove your gratitude to me, and your faith in me, by this promise."

"But, Gilbert—"

"You do not trust me then—me who saved your life?"

"I do—I do. I promise, Gilbert."

"I want more than this, Bernice. I shall not be happy until I have restored you to your husband. I shall send men in search of him, but I have no hope of finding him. He will return in his own time. The only reward I ask is, that you will permit me to take you to your husband when he comes. And so promise me, Bernice, that even if you meet him, if you should stand face to face with him, if he should even speak to you, you will not betray your identity to him! If I am living, I beg to be allowed to restore you to him. Do you promise?"

The girl in a strange agitation gave the required promise.

"Swear it, Bernice," persisted Gilbert Monk. "Swear to me that, if I am living, you will allow me to be the first to declare your identity with that Marchioness of Chetwynd who was buried last week in Chetwynd church—swear that not even to Roy, whatever the temptation, you will reveal the fact that you live until I give you permission. This is all the reward I ask for saving you to your husband."

"I swear it, Gilbert," said Bernice, with a trusting look into his swarthy face. "It is but a small return for your great goodness to me, to allow you the joy of bringing Roy and me again together. And so I swear what you desire, and may God punish me if I break my vow."

She spoke with a deep solemnity that ought to have thrilled the heart of her listener. She felt burdened by her great debt of gratitude to him; she trusted him, and relied upon him. And thus it was, although with secret pangs, for she would have preferred to remain unfettered, she took upon her a solemn vow which she would never dare to break. She had been educated by the stern old minister of St. Kilda to respect her word as an oath, and to deem a vow registered in Heaven.

"It is understood, of course," said Monk lightly, "that if I am out of England the vow is null and void. Only, if I am in England, Bernice, I shall feel that you are rewarding me royally if you allow me to bring you and Roy together. I love you both. Roy is a brother to me. And now about personal affairs. I have plenty of money. I have brought you books and a hundred trifles. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You think Roy will be absent a year?"

"Fifteen months, at least."

"I am not a skillful player upon the pianoforte," said Bernice thoughtfully. "My French too, in comparison with Roy's, has an English sound. Gilbert, why may I not improve this year by studying hard, and better fitting myself for my position as Lady Chetwynd?"

"You could, easily enough. It is a good idea to occupy your mind. Shall I procure you a French governess, Bernice, to teach you her language, music, dancing, and deportment; in short, one of those accomplished creatures known as a finishing governess? I see no need of her tutelage; Roy thinks you perfect; but I shall be glad to bring you such an instructress if you desire."

"I do desire it. He shall find me accomplished beyond his highest hopes when he returns. He shall find his little wife polished, a fine musician—all that fashionable ladies are. I know he intended me to take lessons in music this winter, and in drawing also. Gilbert, how can I thank you for your goodness to me? I ought to be patient—you are so kind."

"If the French governess comes, it might be better to abandon the name of Gwellan altogether," said Monk. "Suppose you call yourself Miss Bernice Gwyn? You are willing? Very well. Miss Bernice Gwyn it shall be, and you have as much right to it as to the name of Gwellan. I hope you will be happy here. A year will soon slip away, and then I hope to restore you to your husband."

The programme thus outlined was carried out.

A French governess, an accomplished and elegant woman, a grand dame in reduced circumstances, the widow of a noble French refugee, was secured as the instructress of "Miss Bernice Gwyn," and duly installed at Mawr Castle.

The days and weeks and months that followed were busy ones to young Bernice. She studied with the ardor of an enthusiast. She became proficient in the French and German languages; she became an accomplished pianist and singer, developing the talents God had given her. Her dormant genius bloomed into a rare and glorious development. She waited, she watched, she hoped. In the nights her pillow was wet with her tears. She prayed for her young husband's safe return with every hour of the day. And so, blossoming into her glorious womanhood with its rare dower of genius and a surpassing beauty, Bernice passed that long year of waiting.

Then she began to grow restless and uneasy. She started at every footstep. Gilbert Monk came to the castle every fortnight, as he had done throughout the year, and Bernice was full of questionings and anxious surmises.

During all this period Monk had been living in London as "a man about town," a man without cares or business, a frequenter of clubs, a man of society, a gay and jovial boyish fellow, fond of good living, wine and horses. He rode in Rotten Row daily upon a fine thoroughbred; he gambled a little now and then; he seemed a thoughtless, careless, happy fellow, whom everybody liked and invited to their houses, but whom no wealthy maiden or widow cared to marry, despite his great charm of being step-brother to a noble and wealthy Marquis.

But in truth, Gilbert Monk, like Bernice, was only waiting.

The time had not arrived for him to make his grand move in the game he was playing.

Other months dragged on, until fifteen months had passed since the Marquis of Chetwynd had exiled himself from home and country. Gilbert Monk grew anxious and uneasy now also, under all his careless seeming, and Sylvia Monk waited with "hope deferred" until her heart grew sick within her.

The three thus waited: Bernice, the young wife believed by her husband and Sylvia to be dead and buried; Miss Monk, who deemed herself betrothed to Lord Chetwynd, and Gilbert Monk, who was full of secret plans and schemes known to no one but himself. And the waiting had in due time its reward.

Lord Chetwynd had gone away in December, and had not since been heard from. It was not known whether he was in America, Africa, Asia, or Australia. Some of his relatives believed him dead. But in March, some fifteen months later, when Gilbert Monk was seated in Scotsby and Newman's inner office, with a very gloomy frown on his swarthy face, meditating upon a trip down into Sussex upon the morrow with intent to borrow money of his sister, a telegram was brought to him by an attenuated office clerk. Monk tore it open with a thrill of expectation. He believed something had happened at last. And something had happened.

The telegram was dated Chetwynd Park, and was signed with the name of Sylvia Monk. It was as follows:

"Sanders has had a letter from Chetwynd at last. It came to-day. His lordship is at Genoa, and on his way home to England!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◆

OUR MARY ANN.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Why, Temple, what is the matter with you? Running over an old friend, and not speaking!" exclaimed Charley Dale, catching his old college chum by the hand.

"Oh, excuse me, Charley; I did not see you," George Temple said, returning the cordial greeting with evident pleasure.

Charley Dale, looking up into his friend's face, asked:

"What is it that is worrying you, old fellow? I don't like that expression you are wearing. Come, ease your mind, and heart too, if you can, by confiding in your old friend. Perhaps I can help you," Charley Dale said, placing his hand on his friend's shoulder, and looking at him in the same frank and fond way that he used to when they were boys together.

"Thank you, George. I will tell you, although most likely you will think I magnify my trouble. The case can be explained in a few words. My home, children and everything else are going to destruction as fast as possible. My wife is a hypochrondriac."

Again Charley grasped his friend's hand, saying:

"Magnify! No, indeed. *I* know just what that is to endure. I sympathize truly with you. I have gone through the same mill. But, thank God, that is all over now. You must arouse her in some way—"

"I have tried everything, and have despaired entirely," answered Temple sadly.

"No, you have not. I know you have never tried 'Our Mary Ann.'"

Temple looked inquiringly at Charley, who broke into a merry laugh; after which he said:

"I could not help laughing, George; but I won't attempt to explain about 'Our Mary Ann.' Come home with me to dinner. Do! Then Fan. will tell you all about her. I should spoil the story."

"Yes, I will come gladly. I am sick and tired of restaurants. I have been taking my dinner across the street for several weeks," answered Temple.

On their way Charley told his friend of some of his own trials two years before.

"I dreaded to enter the house," he said. "Fan. I found for months either in bed or on the lounge, always with the same sad expression. In answer to my 'How are you now, love? Better, I hope,' came ever the same:

"'No, Charles. I shall never be better in this world.'

"I tried in every way to arouse her. All she talked about was dying; all she thought of was dying. Why, I declare to you, she even made her sister fix her clothes ready to robe her for the grave. Ugh! What a time I had!" Charley said, with a visible shiver.

By this time they had reached Charley's home. At the window, looking out, was a pretty, bright looking little woman, holding up a three-year-old boy to look for papa.

A smile from her, a shout from the boy, greeted Charley. When, a moment after, he introduced George Temple to his wife, the expression of surprise on his friend's face was so marked that Charley laughed out, saying:

"You cannot reconcile my wife's happy face with my story, can you?"

"It seems impossible," returned Temple, as he hung his hat on the rack, and followed Charley into the dining-room, where a very nice dinner awaited them.

Charley told his wife of his friend's trouble, and added:

"Fannie, will you tell George about 'Our Mary Ann'?"

"After we have finished. I do not want to spoil Mr. Temple's dinner," answered Fannie, with a very expressive little laugh, adding:

"But, Mr. Temple, I can give you hope for Mrs. Temple's recovery, if Mary Ann can be found to attend her, and I have no doubt she can."

Many times during dinner Mr. Temple would look at Fannie's bright face, and think nothing on earth would make him so happy as to see his wife looking as his friend's. And what magic could have worked such a wonderful change? he wanted to ask. Once she caught the expression, and said, with such a cheery voice, that Temple thought no wonder Charley looked so happy, with such sweet music ever sounding in his ears:

"Now, Mr. Temple, I see Charley has been telling tales out of school. And you are wondering and waiting for an explanation of the mystery? Well, come into the sitting-room, and I will tell you the story of 'My Mary Ann.' I think it better than the song."

Fannie rang the bell for little Charley's nurse, and resigning him to her care, began what Mr. Temple was so anxious to hear.

"I had been suffering with chills for many months, and when at last I did get rid of them, I was so reduced in strength, not only bodily but mentally, that I was a misery to myself and every one near me. I could not exert myself to do the most trifling thing. Although my physician assured me I only needed air, exercise, change of scene, and so on, I would not believe him. I thought I had disease of the heart in some terrible form, and so I made up my mind that I must die before long.

"In vain Charley tried to get me out. Sometimes, perhaps once in six weeks, I yielded. Of course the exertion tired me, and I would return vowing never to try it again. And so I grew weaker and weaker, until at last I remained up stairs, and saw no one but my most intimate friends. I believe Providence sent me Mary Ann at this time. A very few days after her entrance, she was left in full possession of the house. Our cook came informing me 'she was from one of the fust families, and was not gwine to be bossed by any poor white Virginny gal.'

"That same afternoon my young sister was with me, when we heard the hall bell. As several minutes passed, and Mary Ann came not to announce the visitor, or deliver any message, Olive went out to see what it meant. Some minutes, perhaps five more, elapsed, and Olive came neither. Then I exerted myself, and by the aid of the bannisters went slowly along to the first landing, where, to my great wonder, I found Olive, convulsed with laughter, down on the floor. A sign from her stopped my exclamation, and directed me. I peeped over the bannisters, to see Mary Ann. With a large carving knife in one hand, and a tea-cloth over her arm, she stood holding the door partially open with the other. In answer to something I had not caught, she said:

"'No, you can't see her. She's in a poor state of health. In fact we're prepared for her death 'most any hour. She don't see nobody much.'

"'Perhaps I might offer her some spiritual comfort,' was said in tones that sounded to me as coming from the tombs.

"'Spiritual comfort? I don't know what you mean by that; but she has the best of liquors. And if her husband can't comfort her, I don't think sich a looking pusson as you is likely to. You're kind a scary looking, to my eyes.'

"'My good woman, my calling should induce you to treat me with more respect. I am—'

"'Well, who invited you to call? I'd know better what to do if you'll tell me that,' Mary Ann snapped out.

"'You misunderstand me, my good woman. Allow me to come in while I explain. Then you can take my card to your lady,' spoke the dismal voice.

"'No, sir, I don't go and leave you. I don't praise myself by saying I'm good. And how do you know I'm a good woman? But I'll tell you that I'm honest, and kin be trusted; and you'll know that before you go. I had a friend'—Mary Ann always had a friend to refer to in any emergency—'that went up stairs and left just sich a looking pusson as you at the door. When she went for the lady, he went for the silver; and when she come down both was gone—silver and pusson with the long face too. You can't ketch me so. Now say what you come for? I've got my dinner to 'tend to,' snapped out Mary Ann.

"'I am raising funds for the poor heathen children of—'

"He was interrupted by Mary Ann exclaiming:

"'Oh, I know now. You say you're going to preach the gospel to folks in some foreign place. May be you are. But if you're in earnest about it, about preaching, you jest go down to Eastville, and you'll find folks as wants the gospel as bad there as anywhere. But if them Eastvillians don't like you they will raise too much fun for you. Them Jay boys down there—'

"Just then I heard the blinds slammed, and a voice gruff enough exclaim:

"'A perfect idiot!'

"And a moment after, the door closed on whatever more he might have said.

"When Charley came in, Olive related this conversation, and I joined his hearty laugh with the first smiles for many weeks. We afterward learned the man was an impostor, and were glad he had met his match.

"Olive went home that evening, and Mary Ann came up to keep me company. Charley returned earlier than usual, and drew his chair up to the bedside to try and amuse me with some news he had heard. Mary Ann sat still, although I made some excuses to get her out. During a pause in Charley's story she astonished us by asking:

"'Mr. Dale, do you know any nice young man that wants a nice young woman for his wife?'

"Charley looked at her a moment, and then asked very seriously:

"'Why, Mary Ann, do you know the nice young woman as wants the husband? Perhaps I might find her one.'

"'La, now, Mr. Dale. You know who I'm elnding to. I'm thinking about it myself,' she said, simpering.

"'It! That means the husband, I suppose?' said Charley. 'Very well, Mary Ann. I wonder that you have not married long ago. You are a pretty fine looking woman. I will keep a look-out in your behalf.'

"'Long ago!' she muttered, looking not so smiling as before. ''Tain't so *long* ago that I was old enough to think of sich things as husbands. But I could have married, if I had not been young and foolish, but I knows better now.'

"Mary Ann was at least forty-eight, I'm sure. I was tired of her talk, and made her go to bed, and was really provoked with Charley for seeming to enjoy her foolish talk.

"A few days after that, Olive was with me again. I was bluer than ever. She was putting away my furs and winter clothing.

"I spoke of never wearing them again, and expressed my wishes concerning the disposal of different articles. I had no idea of Mary Ann's presence until she asked:

"'Are you disposing of all your clothes, and every thing?'

"Neither Olive nor I gave her any reply; but she did not feel at all slighted, and went on to ask, in that simpering manner that really enraged me:

"'Well, now, who are you going to leave your husband to? May be Miss Olive wants to have him herself?'

"I wish you could have seen Olive's face. I thought she would fly at her. And Mary Ann must have had some such impression, for she held up her hand, saying:

"'Don't, Miss Olive. Indeed I didn't mean no harm. Jest let me tell you. I had a friend who lived with jest sich a nice lady as Miss Dale, and the lady was sick, jest like Miss Dale, and she had jest sich a effectionit husband as Mr. Dale; and this lady knowed how sich a nice man couldn't be contented alone in the world; so, before she died, she left her husband to my friend. La! don't I wish I could meet with jest sich luck! And his name was Charles too. When this nice lady was dying, says she:

"'Charles, my dear—'

"Mary Ann's pathetic tones were cut short by Olive's catching her by the shoulders and pushing her out of the room, shutting and locking the door to keep her so.

"Almost every day brought forth something very ludicrous, or dreadfully aggravating. I did not want for excitement constantly.

"She had been with me two months, when our boy was born, and contrary to my expectations, I lived on. I convalesced slowly. When baby was two weeks old, I was propped up in the easy-chair, feeling only well enough to allow my nurse to go home for an hour or so. Olive I had sent out with some little commission. I was left to Mary Ann's care. She came in, and finding me quite alone with baby, said:

"'Dear me! Jest to think of everybody going off and leaving you! So miserable sick too!'

"There was a tone of sympathy in her words, and my eyes filled, as I said:

"'Yes, I am sick, and shall never be better, I know.'

"'Dear, no, indeed. I jest come up to ask you if I could be spared to go to a friend's funeral. She was sick jest like you; not a bit worse. Well, her friends left her, and, poor dear! when they come back she was gone.'

"'Dead?' I gasped.

"'Yes, clear dead. And that's jest the way they'll find you some one of these days.'

"'Go away! Go! go!' I cried. 'You will kill me right now.'

"'La, now, don't get excited! I jest come up to entertain you, seeing how you was left alone. La, you better let me stay,' she urged. With difficulty I got her out of the room. I told Charley about it, and insisted he should send her off. But no, he seemed anxious to keep her, and I cannot tell you the horrible ideas that came into my poor weak brain.

"Well, the crisis came when our babe was two months old. I was still in my room. Mary Ann occupied the entry chamber, to be near, if I needed her at night.

"She came in one afternoon, bringing a friend and asking if she might go out to do a little shopping. I gave her permission, and together they went to her room. I think it was to close the door that I went, and in time to hear the stranger say:

"'She looks *awful* delicate,' and I staid to hear Mary Ann's reply.

"'That's so. She is going fast, jest like Miss Brown, you know, Jane Martin's husband's first wife. La, Mag, wouldn't I be in luck if the same thing happened to me? You remember Jane lived there; was chambermaid. Mr. Dale is jest sich a affectionit kind of man, and I know he couldn't live alone in this world. And I say, Mag, don't you think he said once, right before her, that I was a fine looking woman! May be I can make them both like me well enough to have the same luck Jane Martin had. Any way, I'm trying. Poor dear! she an't got much strength left now—'

"I could stand it no longer. I darted out into the hall, pushed open her door, and catching her by the shoulders, cried:

"'I've strength enough left to put you out of the house, and if I'm *going* to die, it won't be while *you* are here.'

"She was too surprised to make any resistance; but as she was going down stairs, she said:

"'I won't worry you, poor dear! It is the strength of *death* upon you, I'm afeerd. I'll come back after it is all over, for the rest of my things, if I want to take 'em off.'

"From that day I grew stronger. I had to help myself until Charley came home, and have been doing so ever since, and really, I bless the day that brought me Mary Ann."

"Where can I find her?" asked Mr. Temple, whose eyes were still full of laughter. "She will be more than all the wealth of earth to us now, I know."

"I have seen her within a month. I will find her, and feel sure she will like to come, with such a prospect of 'jest sich luck as Jane Martin had,'" Mrs. Dale said, in a merry, hopeful voice.

She did find her, and Our Mary Ann is now with the Temples. I met George a short time since, and there was a much happier expression on his face. When I saw the change, I felt that a corresponding one had taken place in his home. Since, I have seen Mrs. Dale, and heard from her that Mary Ann is working to our satisfaction, and she has no doubt, in a few more weeks, Mrs. Temple will have strength enough to put her out, and declare that she has had a "perfect cure."

◆

LOVED AND LOST.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Just like the world, so bare and lonely,
  In the iron clutch of the tyrant Frost,
Comes to my breast, like a phantom only,
  The memories cold of the Loved and Lost.

The dead leaves are dense, in the paths imbedded,
  The snow still fringes the dead bare boughs,
Which, in the by-gone, we softly threaded,
  And over and over renewed our vows.

Ah, well for those who have no heart story
  To make them, with tenderer sympathy, lean
To the sad, sad earth in her frost chains hoary,
  Than when she with summer and beauty is green!

I know a grave by the deep soil crusted,
  In a sunnier clime far, far from me,
Where slumbers the one so dearly trusted,
  I never had dreamed that she false could be.

And thus, when the world is bare and lonely,
  My heart strains out through the realm of Frost,
And there comes to my breast, like a phantom only,
  The memories cold of the Loved and Lost.

◆

AN ARTIST'S LOVE.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

It was generally conceded in Milburn that Amabel Stoevor had made a conquest of Gervase Dyer, whose indifference to female charms was well known in the aristocratic little village; it having been long understood that Gervase was waiting for some ideal woman much nearer perfection than faulty human nature can often aspire to. Amabel's return from a European tour was the signal for much watchfulness and comment, and it was evident that a very promising flirtation, if nothing more, was in progress.

Dr. Stoevor was a flourishing physician, and his widowed home had been under the sway of a sister for many long years, his first wife's place never being filled. The sister, also widowed, had, like her brother, one daughter, just the age of her cousin Amabel, who had shared all advantages of education, society, and home influence, although Amabel was heiress to her father's comfortable income, while Clara was dependent upon her uncle's generosity for the very dress she wore. Even the European trip had not separated the cousins, but while Amabel's arrival had all the importance due to a belle and an heiress, Clara had slipped quietly into her old place at home, with little demonstration beyond her gentle mother's welcome, and her uncle's cordial greeting.

"Tell me all the changes in Milburn, Auntie?" Amabel had said, on the first evening after her return.

"The new arrivals," was the reply, "are of little interest, if we except Gervase Dyer, who has been here more than a year."

"And who is Gervase Dyer?"

"An artist, who paints here, but sends his pictures to New York for exhibition and sale. A tall, grave man, not exactly handsome, but essentially manly, with eyes like wells, and a brow that exactly fills my idea of massive."

"Been here a year? Who is he engaged to?"

"Nobody. Milburn air suits his health; Milburn scenes suit his sketch book; but Milburn belles do not attract his eyes or his smiles. He is said to be fastidious to a fault."

"Ah!"

Amabel subsided into silence, and Clara took up the role of questioning, asking about old friends and new events, till her mother laughingly refused to tell any more gossip.

It was while Clara, nestled in the depths of her arm-chair, chatted still with her mother, that Amabel, sauntering carelessly across the long drawing-room, first saw Gervase Dyer, as he stood under the hall light with her father. She recognized him at once as a stranger who answered her aunt's description, and smiled to herself as she returned to her seat to await his coming.

He, standing beside the doctor, listening to his description of a "case" entertaining to both, let his artist eye rest appreciatively upon the scene visible through the half-open door. He had seen Amabel as she passed, but believed he had escaped her notice.

Looking at her, as she sat in an attitude full of careless grace, turning the leaves of an album, his artist eye kindled, and his artist soul paid tribute to her glowing beauty, the superb carriage of her head upon the slender graceful throat, the willowy grace of the tall slight figure, the rich waves of deep brown hair, the perfect features, large violet eyes, and above all, the clear, brilliant complexion, so faultlessly tinted and softened.

From her his eyes wandered past the gentle little widow, in her mourning dress, and fell upon the tiny figure nestled in the great armchair. There was beauty in the pale refined face, with its golden curls, and sensitive, childlike mouth, in the brown eyes, shy and yet smiling, in the delicate little hands, and the small, yet graceful form; but it was a beauty so very delicate, so shy and pale, that it seemed poor and tame by contrast with the charms of the more dazzling belle. Even in their dresses, the one of shimmering light silk and lace, the other of a pearl gray alpaca, with blue ribbons, there was the same contrast of brilliancy with softened, subdued loveliness.

It was but little more than a glance that Clara won from Gervase Dyer, before his eyes returned to rest upon her cousin.

"She is perfectly beautiful!" he thought; "from the tiara of brown braids to the tip of the dainty slipper peeping from her dress, she is absolutely perfect. Her very hand, with its glittering rings, is beautiful enough to shame the diamonds."

There might have been some of this fervid admiration mirrored in the artist's eyes as he bent in greeting when Dr. Stoevor introduced his daughter and niece, for again the peculiar smile hovered over Amabel's lips.

Clara was evidently accustomed to be passed over in the presence of her cousin, for, after a courteous reply to a few words of welcome, she turned again to her mother, leaving Amabel to entertain the new-comer. The doctor returned to his study, and the flirtation was fairly inaugurated.

Amabel had determined to conquer the heart that had been represented to her as steeled against all female charms, but there was no sign of such resolve in the exquisite grace of her manner. She possessed in full perfection that most powerful of the weapons of coquetry, a manner that seemed entirely unaffected and natural. When this is the result of study and high art the effect is simply irresistible. Clara, who was natural, and observed only the courtesies of elegant society, had never impressed on any the effect of artless innocence that was Amabel's strongest point of attraction.

Gervase listened to the exquisitely modulated voice, as Amabel talked of her home friends, or her experiences abroad, and marvelled at the purity and freshness that had been preserved amidst the glitter of the world. She conversed well, having read and thought intelligently, and possessing the power of drawing out the thoughts of others. They wandered in memory over Italian scenes, for Gervase had studied his art abroad; they recalled snatches of life here and there, till the tiny mantel clock chimed midnight, and all started to find it so late.

It was early spring-time when the cousins came to Milburn, and before summer was at its prime, Gervase Dyer found himself asking his own heart if it had found its captor. Then his admiration was fully roused, his fancy conquered, and his love of beauty satisfied, he admitted freely; but there were a few more homely matters that he wanted set at rest before he surrendered heart and hand to Amabel.

It may have been the natural bent of an artist soul, or it may have been the early training of a New England mother, that had developed in Gervase a love of order and neatness that was second nature.

"You will not find true refinement in a sloven," he had said more than once. "If the neatness we associate with womanhood is lacking, there is a vein of vulgarity in the nature, however skillfully it may be hidden."

It was this doubt that had kept his feet safely beyond matrimony so many years, it being a difficult undertaking for a man, be he lover or friend, to penetrate the inner sanctuary of a woman's home. A soiled glove had once turned the scale, a carelessly laced boot driven him from one fair face.

While he hovered thus over his flirtation with Amabel, Gervase Dyer learned also something of the loveliness of Clara's face. It was like a violet, hiding always from notice, but when the artist became a frequent visitor, he found his eyes turning often to study the delicate sweetness of his charmer's cousin. And from learning the refined, rare beauty of the small figure and shy little face, he passed to an appreciation of the cultivated mind that kept ever so shyly aloof, and required coaxing to unfold its beauty.

But the climax of his surprise was reached when, one summer evening, sauntering slowly up the garden walk, he heard floating from the dark drawing-room, a voice whose compass and flexibility proved rare cultivation. It rose and fell in notes of flute-like sweetness, waking in his heart the deep emotions that Music gives only to her true votaries.

"It is Amabel," he thought; but as his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, he saw through the open windows that the small white-robed figure was Clara's.

"Where can she prison that glorious voice in that childish frame?" he thought, still listening. "The tiny fairy! She is an artist in every note. Oh, if I could paint that voice!"

He leaned against a pillar of the porch, and imagined a St. Cecilia. Of late, violet eyes, dark brown hair, and a rich glowing complexion had floated through every artist vision of his soul, but the St. Cecilia had golden curls, brown shy eyes, and a pearly complexion, with only rarely a tinge of faint color.

For the first time, he turned away without entering the hospitable door, and lounged homeward, the echoes of the wonderful voice keeping him company as the St. Cecilia grew more defined in his imagination. He made the first sketch in the early morning light, and put it into a portfolio where Amabel's face had been drawn in every expression and surrounded by an infinite variety of accessories, from a Cleopatra's couch to a Sister of Mercy's cell.

There was a picnic of Milburnites promised for this day, and Gervase, putting aside his sketch, found it was time for his preparations. He had promised to drive Amabel to the place of meeting, five miles from Milburn, but as he had an engagement for the forenoon, the lady had protested that picnics bored her, and she had been won only to a promise to drive over for an hour in the afternoon. Clara was one of the managers, so she was obliged to join the morning party.

It was yet broad daylight when the revellers, merry and tired, returned to Milburn, and Gervase drove up to Dr. Stoevor's door. Some of the party, in a huge van, were directly behind his light York wagon, and as he stopped, some awkwardness on the part of their driver brought their unwieldy vehicle against his own, and so far overturned it that both Gervase and Amabel were thrown out, while the frightened horse dashed frantically down the road.

The gentleman was on his feet in a moment, but the lady lay pale and still where she had fallen. Clara was in the van, and with the others, sprang out instantly. There was a moment of confusion, and Dr. Stoevor appeared at his office door.

"Carry her to her room, Dyer," he said, seeing that Gervase had lifted the insensible girl in his strong arms. "This way."

He led the way quickly, and threw open a chamber door. With an impatient glance, he turned to Clara.

"Your room then," he said; and she silently opened a door on the opposite side of the hall. "Send your mother here, Clara," he said. "Here, Dyer, put Amabel upon the bed."

"May I wait down stairs, in case I can be of use?" asked Gervase, as he gently deposited his burden upon the snowy bed.

"Thank you; certainly. Clara, loosen her dress," said the doctor.

And Gervase went to the drawing-room, leaving father, aunt and cousin to restore the insensible girl.

He sat down in an arm-chair, and drew a deep breath of relief.

"If I had married her!"

That was his thought, as he recalled the scene disclosed by opening the door of Amabel's room: a scene of confusion and disorder indescribable, of rich furniture dusty and out of order, of a tossed bed, open drawers in the handsome bureau whose contents looked as if stirred by a stick, of a soiled, dusty carpet, and dresses tossed upon chairs, lounges and bed.

Then he recalled the room where he had left Amabel. The glare of light that poured through the open windows of the first chamber was softened, in the second, by white curtains and bowed blinds. Every detail of the room was neat, in that exquisite order that speaks elegant refinement without stiffness. Not a spot marred the snow-white covering of the neatly made bed, not a thread rested upon the delicate carpet. The book shelf was covered with rose-colored net, and the few choice pictures were also carefully protected from summer dust and flies. Upon one stand his quick eye had detected the Bible and prayer-book, and near them a delicate vase of fresh flowers.

It was but a moment his eyes had rested upon either room, but they were photographed faithfully upon his memory.

Amabel's injuries proved to be slight, and she was soon down stairs again, but she found in the first interview with Gervase that her power over him was gone. He was courteous, pleasant and cordial, but the intangible something was there that proved him free of her chains.

She never knew the why and wherefore, but when there appeared in New York a St. Cecilia that attracted art critics and admirers by scores, Amabel seeing it, during a shopping excursion to the metropolis, said to herself:

"So it was Clara he was in love with, after all."

And a wedding in the winter proved that his love was not in vain, for Clara became the artist's wife.

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—In fashionable circles, general satire, which attacks the fault rather than the person, is unwelcome; while that which attacks the person and spares the fault, is always acceptable.

IF WE HELP ONE ANOTHER.

BY CALEB DUNN.

If we help one another
Along the path of life,
Each be to each a brother
Through quiet and through strife,
Our hopes will shine the brighter,
Our hearts will be the lighter,
If we help one another.

Though trouble's clouds may gather,
The sky is still above;
Though it be stormy weather,
The sun will constant prove,
And every shadow banish;
The mists will surely vanish
If we help one another.

Life hath its meed of sorrow,
And all must have their share;
To-day there's joy, to-morrow
May bring its load of care;
But trouble will be lightened,
And happiness be brightened
If we help one another.

Oh, struggling heart! ne'er languish,
But press with bravery on;
You'll conquest gain o'er anguish
By every good act done;
And life will be less dreary,
And labor be less weary,
If we help one another.

Then let us help each other,
And do all good we can,
Each be to each a brother
Through all of life's brief span
For hearts will be the lighter,
The world be better, brighter,
If we help one another.

A FATAL INHERITANCE.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," THE "RIVAL SISTERS," ETC.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PAUL ARNOLD'S DISCOVERY — HE APPRISES CRIMIN OF LUCIA'S WHEREABOUTS.

It is many months since we parted from Lucia, but from the bloom on her cheeks and the light in her eye, it is evident that the time has been passed both profitably and agreeably to herself. Her lithe form has developed into more perfect womanhood; her charming face has gained an expression of quiet power, without losing any of its sweetness; smiles ripple over the lovely lips, and hope and happiness dance in the radiant eyes which "seem to love whate'er they look upon." Yet all this sunshine was the outgrowth of her own nature, for the paid companion had a daily and hourly trial in the person of the lady she had agreed to serve till she would be free to take such steps as would clear up the mystery of her own position.

At first Lucia had fretted over the silence of Philip Bland, but letters from the Professor told her of the summons that had come to her lover to return home in haste to receive his father's last sigh, and she accounted for the long silence that followed, by the difficulty of sending letters so great a distance to one whose address seldom remained the same over a month. Mrs. Bertie seemed possessed with the spirit of unrest, for they were no sooner comfortably settled in one place than the desire to visit another would seize on her.

It had been arranged that they should spend the winter in Naples, but she soon wearied of its beauty, and decreed that they should pass a month in visiting Florence and Milan, then go to Rome for the Carnival, remain there till after the Easter festivals, and spend a portion of the spring in Venice.

In short, they wandered from place to place, rarely remaining more than a few weeks in any one, and in all, Lucia found something to delight and instruct her quick intelligence. She thoroughly enjoyed this tour, in spite of the caprices and uncertain temper of Mrs. Bertie.

To a person of fixed habits or irritable temperament, the fair widow would have been simply unendurable; but Lucia was young, gifted with a sweetness of nature which enabled her to bear every annoyance with unvarying placidity; and she was really very grateful to Mrs. Bertie for the pleasure she was affording her, as well as happy in the overflowing gladness of her own heart that the hour of perfect freedom was approaching.

"This cannot last much longer," was the consoling thought that came to her in moments of trial. "A little while and I shall be free to go on my own way, and forget all the annoyances to which I am subjected now. Mrs. Bertie is not a bad woman, but she is certainly the weakest and most capricious one I have ever imagined."

Lucia had arranged in her own mind what steps she would take, as soon as the tenth of October had come and gone. She would return to her native land, go to Philadelphia and advertise extensively in the leading journals of the day for information concerning the lady who had intrusted a child to the care of Mrs. Julia De Walden, to be taken to Europe and educated as her own daughter.

She had little doubt that this would bring a speedy response, for with the sanguine spirit of youth, Lucia believed in every possibility of good to herself.

They had been in Frankfort a week; had visited all the places of interest in the town; and as usual, so soon as novelty was exhausted, Mrs. Bertie was anxious to be on the wing again. She was expecting letters from New York, and also one from Arnold, unless he made up his mind to join her before she left for her contemplated tour to the mountains.

The two ladies, with their attendants, occupied a handsome suit of apartments in one of the principal hotels of the city, and it is in one of these that we find them on a bright evening in the latter part of August.

Mrs. Bertie, in an elaborate half-mourning toilet, lounged in a large chair, an expression of fretfulness and annoyance on her well-cut, but insignificant features. Lucia stood beside the window which looked toward the street, her serene and noble face in strong contrast with that of her companion. She wore a light summer muslin, which floated in airy folds around her, with a knot of rose-colored ribbon on her breast, and another in her burnished hair, on which the last gleams of the fading sunset were falling.

"Will Franz never come back?" exclaimed Mrs. Bertie, clasping and unclasping her jewelled hands in a most impatient manner. "I expected to find my letters awaiting me on my return from my drive, and here I have to wait an interminable time to have them brought from the post."

"We have been back but half an hour, and I see Franz coming across the street now," said Lucia, with perfect tranquillity, for she had found that only by maintaining this impassive manner could she control the fierce outbursts of impatience to which Mrs. Bertie was liable. "He holds a package in his hand, and I am certain that the letters you have looked for so long are in his possession."

"Do you really think so? But how do you know that the letters are not for you? But you never get any letters of late, Miss Winter. It seems to me that your friends must be very indifferent about you. Do you know I am getting very curious about your affairs? You never confide anything to me, and I have told you all about myself. It is hardly fair to give all, and get nothing in return."

Lucia flushed slightly, but her manner did not change, as she replied:

"I do not accuse the few friends I can claim of indifference to me, because I do not hear regularly from them. We flit about so constantly, the wonder to me is that either of us should ever receive our letters. Mine will come to me in a batch some day, I suppose."

"I hardly think you would care much if they never came to hand, you are so cool and indifferent. But that is neither here nor there; you evade me now, as you always do when I refer to your own affairs. I want you to tell me about yourself, because I am interested in you, and when you leave me, I would like to do something to help you on in life."

"You are very kind," said Lucia, with a faint smile, "and I am grateful; but I have really nothing to tell of myself. If you knew how little I really know of myself, you would be surprised. I came from Madame R——'s school to you, and she and the brothers Delzac are almost the only friends I can claim. They have been very kind to me, and I shall never forget how much I owe them."

"Hum—I suppose you were an orphan then, picked up somewhere by the schoolmistress, and educated as a lady, because you were pretty and attractive. But you don't look like a nobody, Miss Winter; you have what the French call *l'air noble*, and I am persuaded that there is some romantic mystery about you that will yet be solved."

The conversation was becoming embarrassing, and Lucia was glad of the diversion made in her favor by the arrival of the courier who attended them in all their travels. She went to the door, received the parcel from him, and glancing rapidly over its contents, saw that for herself there was nothing; for Mrs. Bertie there was a large envelope bearing the New York postmark, and a smaller one from Paris, which had been on its way much longer than the usual time for transmitting a letter to Frankfort.

The widow seized on this, tore it open, and eagerly read the few lines it contained. She angrily exclaimed:

"This scrawl was written two weeks ago, and I ought to have had it as soon as I came here. Paul was going to Baden with the friend he is travelling with, and coolly says that when he has tired of that place he may come on here and join me. He is offended because I would not let him come to me till Bertie had been dead a year, and he is trying to punish me in this heartless way. I don't know why I continue to love the wretch that can treat me as he does. I expect he will break my heart before I am done with him yet."

"If I thought that, Mrs. Bertie, I would write to him and forbid him to come at all," said Lucia quietly. "You have managed to live on without Mr. Arnold's society, and to enjoy life too, since I have known you; then why should you risk your own tranquillity by calling to your side a man who has shown how little he considers you?"

"Because I have only lived on in the hope of seeing him again," she replied, with panting breath and sparkling eyes. "He knows that I love him beyond all things; that there is no sacrifice I would not make for his sake, or he would not dare to shilly-shally in this shameful way. You are never again to speak to me of casting him off. I could not do it; *he* knows that well enough. He knows that he has only to hold out his hand, and I will grasp it as my dearest possession, or he would not linger thus on his way to me. It was *your* fault, in a great measure, that I did not call him to me as soon as I was free to act for myself."

"I only obeyed the instructions of Doctor Delzac," said Lucia gently. "He thought tranquillity necessary to your complete restoration to health. He judged wisely, for you are now quite well and strong."

"Stuff! Just as if I should not have been better still, if my heart's darling had been beside me all these months. No one in this strange land would have been apt to comment on my marriage so soon after my husband's death, for I should have married him whenever he asked me, in spite of all the Mrs. Grundys in the world."

Lucia had no reply to make to this, and after a long pause, during which Mrs. Bertie was turning over the large envelope, and eyeing it with a sort of fear, she said:

"I do wonder what is in this portentous looking inclosure. I never receive a letter from home that I do not get into a passion, and the last one said that a clue had been found to a will left by papa. What did he make a will for, unless it was to put a curb on *me* in some way? He had but two children—my brother and myself—and I'll warrant that he has not made any conditions about John's share of his money. I—I—am almost sure that there is a copy of his will in this odious package, and—and—I am really afraid to break it open."

"Shall I open it for you?" asked Lucia, who saw how pale and tremulous she had become. "It may not be what you fear, after all."

"Yes—break the seals, for my fingers refuse to serve me. I know that I am going to hear something dreadful, and I feel already as if one of my spells is coming on. Give me some lavender first, Miss Winter."

Lucia obeyed, and then, with some trepidation herself, proceeded to break open the envelope. Two inclosures dropped out—one written on law paper, the other merely a few lines from John Warren to his sister, informing her that a will, made three weeks after the news of Bertie's death had reached his father, had been found. He inclosed a copy of the portion that concerned herself, and this Mrs. Bertie motioned to her companion to read aloud to her, while she sunk back, white and defiant, anticipating what she was about to hear.

Stripped of its technicalities, the will of Mr. Warren bequeathed to his daughter the half of all the property he died possessed of, provided she did not give her hand to Paul Arnold in the future. If she did so, the testament was revoked, and Ada Warren Bertie was to have paid to her annually the sum of three thousand dollars, which the testator believed would not be a sufficient amount to tempt Arnold to seek her in marriage.

Lucia's voice trembled as she read, for she knew that the contents of that paper would prove almost a death-blow to the weak and infatuated woman who was capable of saying to her lover, in all truth:

"I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

Mrs. Bertie fell back with a gasping cry:

"I knew it! I knew it! He was not satisfied with blighting my life by his tyranny, but he has carried beyond the grave his antipathy to the only man I ever have loved. Oh! it is cruel, cruel!"

Lucia would have attempted such consolation as was possible, but Mrs. Bertie fell into violent hysteric spasms, and she was compelled to summon the waiting-maid to her assistance, who sent Franz for a physician as soon as she saw her mistress.

"This an't like so many of the other attacks, Miss Winter," Lisette said. "This one is real, and she's very ill. Something has struck on her heart, and it will be lucky if it don't get to her head again. You were with her; do you know what caused her to fall in this condition?"

"She received news from home that was not agreeable; but there was nothing in it to cause such excitement as this."

The woman shook her head. She knew a great deal about Mrs. Bertie's affairs, for with that lack of reticence so characteristic of women of her stamp, she had made Lisette the depository of all her hopes and fears, with reference to the future to which she was looking forward; and Lisette understood better than Lucia how much depended on the wealth Mrs. Bertie could bring Paul Arnold, if he was tempted to renew his proposals to marry her as soon as they met.

"Was it about money, Miss Winter? Has the old gentleman's will been found at last?"

"Yes; that is what upset her so much."

"Then he's tied up the money some way. My poor lady was afraid of that. It's very hard, so it is, that she can't have her own way where she most wants it."

"I cannot discuss Mrs. Bertie's affairs with you, Lisette," said the young lady coldly. "Prepare your mistress to receive the doctor, while I put these papers in a safe place."

Thus dismissed, the woman went away, and Lucia placed both letters in Mrs. Bertie's desk, marvelling much what manner of man this Paul Arnold was, to have aroused so fanatical an attachment in the daughter, and such deadly dislike on the part of the father.

The physician who had been summoned spent the greater part of the night by the bedside of Mrs. Bertie, and for several hours he declared her to be in a very critical condition. But toward morning she fell into a quiet sleep, and then those who had ministered assiduously to her were themselves at liberty to seek some repose.

Lucia gladly retired to her own apartment, leaving Lisette with her mistress, and she slept until late on the following morning.

When she at length entered Mrs. Bertie's room to inquire after her, she was surprised to find her sitting up, exquisitely dressed in a new morning toilet she had ordered to be in readiness by the time Arnold made his tardy appearance upon the scene. Her eyes had factitious brilliancy from the rouge she had made Lisette apply to conceal her extreme paleness; but in spite of this, Lucia could see that she looked many years older than on the previous day.

"Why did you get up?" she asked. "I am sure that you are not strong enough."

"I am stronger than you think. I have had a life elixir this morning that has made me well again. Paul is here; he has been with me two hours this morning while you slept. When he sent up his card I made Lisette dress me and help me in here. Oh, he was so tender, so kind! and I am supremely happy."

"I am glad to hear it," said Lucia simply. "If Mr. Arnold is so devoted to you, what you heard last evening will not signify much."

With a shuddering cry, Mrs. Bertie said:

"Don't—don't speak of that cruel blow! I cannot bear it. *He* does not know—he shall not know anything about the will. I am going to have it broken; I will not stand such tyranny. I am the legal heir to half papa's fortune, and I am not going to be curbed in my fancies any more than my brother. It is iniquitous, shameful, that such a thing was attempted! I will write to New York to-day, and engage the best counsel on my side. Wills are often set aside in my own country, Miss Winter, and you are not to breathe a word about this one. Do you understand?"

"I fear that I do, Mrs. Bertie," said the young girl gravely. "But do you think it will be quite right to marry Mr. Arnold while he is kept in the dark about what is of such vital importance to most people?"

"What can that signify? He loves me for myself, not for the money, though I mean to have that too, for the suit will be sure to go in my favor. If you say one word to enlighten Paul as to the necessity for a suit, I will never forgive you, Lucy Winter—never!"

She looked so wild and excited that Lucia feared for her reason, and she soothingly said:

"You may trust me to keep your secret, Mrs. Bertie. I should take a great deal on myself if I attempted to enlighten Mr. Arnold."

"Yes, yes," with feverish earnestness—"that is true; and you are not one to violate the proprieties. I wish you were not so fresh and so pretty, Miss Winter. I look faded and worn this morning beside a young girl like you, yet I am only twenty-four. I have suffered so much, you see; but *that* ought to make Paul, *my* Paul, all the fonder of me, for it was for his sake, and he knows it."

Lucia felt the deepest pity for her as she rambled on in this wild way, for she had an intuitive feeling that the object of this devotion was as unworthy of it as Mr. Warren had believed him, when he compelled his weak-minded daughter to give him up, and marry the man he had chosen for her husband.

Before she could reply, a tap came upon the door, and Arnold entered smiling, and evidently on the best terms with himself. An expression of surprise, which changed to one of admiration, came into his face as he obtained a full view of the beautiful girl who stood beside Mrs. Bertie's chair, and he bowed deeply when the careless introduction spoken by that lady was given.

"This is Miss Winter, my companion, Paul, and she knows all about you. You can go, Mademoiselle, as I have much to say to my cousin that is only of interest to ourselves."

Lucia bowed, and gladly left the room. She was not favorably impressed by the coarse beauty of Paul Arnold, and she wondered more than ever at the infatuation of Mrs. Bertie. The look he had given herself was offensive to her, for she felt that a gentleman would not so openly have shown his admiration of a stranger, and that, too, in the presence of the woman to whom he was betrothed.

Lucia had no sooner disappeared than Arnold flippantly asked:

"Do goddesses wander around in this country, and engage themselves as companions to their more fortunate sisters? I declare that girl is a stunner."

Mrs. Bertie glanced sharply at him, and her lips twitched convulsively as she replied:

"Miss Winter is a very commonplace person, though she is pretty enough. I have found her very useful, and she is not above attending to her duties. I really think, Paul, that in these first hours of meeting, after so long and weary a separation, you should have eyes only for me."

"What nonsense, my dear Ada! Don't you intend to allow me to use my eyes so far as to judge of a woman's beauty? I love you, and all that; but, by Jove, it isn't often one sees such a creature as that. Where did you find her? How did you come to employ her? I am curious to know all about her."

"I can tell you little enough then," said the fair Ada spitefully, "for she is very secretive about her own antecedents. If Dr. Delzac had not vouched for her perfect respectability, I should have my doubts concerning her."

An eager look came into Arnold's face, but he controlled it, and with apparent indifference, asked:

"Who is this Delzac? Was he the person you were placed with when you— You know what I mean."

"Why not speak it out plainly? Yes, he is the principal of the Asylum in which I was placed when I went melancholy mad over my separation from you. Oh, Paul, you owe me a great compensation for what I have suffered on your account."

"The devil!" thought Arnold. "Suffering has taught her no more sense than she had when she was in her first romantic youth."

But he *said*:

"My darling Ada, I know and feel all that, and I am going to do my best to make you happy now. Lean your dear head upon my breast, and let us talk over our future plans."

Arnold understood the woman he had to deal with, and for an hour he talked on in the most exaggerated style of devotion before he ventured to recur to the subject which had such absorbing interest for himself.

He at length said:

"Pardon me, my angel, for again referring to Miss Winter, but I am anxious to know who recommended her to M. Delzac. He lives near Nancy, I think? Did he find this young girl in his own neighborhood?"

"No; his brother brought her to the villa from Heidelburg only the night before I left. He was the Professor of French in Madame R——'s school, and Lucy Winter had been a pupil there."

"Ha, Lucy! That is her name then," he muttered. "Additional proof of her identity, if any were needed."

"What are you saying in that mumbling way, Paul? And what can Miss Winter be to you? I think it very strange that you should be asking so many questions about my companion. She can be nothing to you."

"That is very true, Ada. She is less than nothing to me, but I have a friend who has been in pursuit of a runaway ward for some time, and I think this young lady may be the very person he is in search of. I shall write to him forthwith to come on and investigate for himself. But you must be very cautious to say nothing to Miss Winter that can put her on her guard."

"Oh, I shall be careful enough about that. I have always thought there was something wrong, or she would not be so close about her own affairs. Why did she run away from her guardian, Paul?"

"Thought him too strict, perhaps. I know nothing about that, and she may not be the right person after all. Don't change your manner to her, Ada, for I may be wrong in my conjectures, and I should not like Miss Winter to think that I have been trying to injure her in your estimation."

"I promise to be prudent. You will write to your friend at once, of course, and I shall be quite willing to give up Miss Winter's society, now that you are with me, Paul."

"Of course, of course. Oh, yes, I will write, and Crimin can join us at that romantic old castle you tell me you are going to when we leave this place. The weather is so infernally hot, that the sooner we get among the mountains the better. What sort of a place is it that you are going to?"

"Franz, the courier, can tell you more of it than I can. I wanted a quiet place to stay in till October, and he recommended this. It belongs to Count Von Beulen, a broken-down spendthrift, who is glad to rent it to travellers for a few months in summer. Franz made all the arrangements, for he was born on the Count's land, and was educated by his father."

"And when do you propose to go there?"

"I should have gone a week ago if I had heard from you. I only lingered in Frankfort, expecting you to join me every day."

"Very good. I am here now, and I think, on your own account, it will be as well for you to get into the mountain air as soon as possible. You are looking ill, and a change will do you good. When we are settled, we can make arrangements for our union, and spend a romantic honeymoon in our forest home."

With rapture, she cried:

"Oh! how delightful that will be! Dear Paul, you make me the happiest of women when you speak of enjoying seclusion in my company. I leave the arrangements to you and Franz. I shall be strong enough to travel to-morrow, and I am quite ready to start at the earliest possible moment."

"I will go then, and speak to the courier. The sooner we put things in train for our departure the better."

Mrs. Bertie detained him some time longer, but he at length effected his escape, and going to his own room, dashed off the following lines to Crimin:

"FRANKFORT, August —, 18—.

"I have met with the most extraordinary piece of luck, and *your* quest is at an end. Don't trouble yourself any further to trace the girl who so mysteriously effected her escape from the Asylum. The principal arranged it all, and it is evident that her pretended derangement of mind was a *ruse*, practised to conceal her from the man who wanted to pass himself off as her father She was brought to Nancy, and the next day left there as the companion of my cousin. She has been with her ever since, and Ada's prattle enabled me to identify her as the person we have so long sought.

"We set out to-morrow for a lonely mountain castle, and I inclose directions for reaching it, if you should elect to follow us. There is no need of that though, for your ward's *safety* can be cared for without your presence. I am going to marry my cousin, and take her to Paris as soon as the honeymoon is over. By that time, you will be in a position to fulfill your promises to me. P. A."

This letter, so guardedly expressed, was dispatched to Crimin, and then Arnold sought the courier to make the necessary arrangements for setting out on their journey on the following day.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A VILLAIN UNMASKED

On a bright evening, a few days later, the travelling carriage of Mrs. Bertie entered a deep valley inclosed between high mountains which arose as a wall of granite on either side. A swift stream ran through the centre, breaking into foam over immense boulders of rock which seemed to have been hurled from the mountain tops during some Titanic convulsion of nature.

A road, in tolerable order, wound along beside the stream till it began to ascend abruptly through a narrow chasm in the granite wall; this widened gradually as the horses toiled up the steep ascent toward a castellated mansion which seemed to overhang the precipice on which it was built.

When the vehicle entered this ravine, Arnold, who had been riding in front with Franz, dismounted, and coming to the window of the carriage, cheerfully said:

"We are in sight of our bourne at last, ladies, and in half an hour this weary journey will be at an end. I hope you are not very tired, Ada?"

"I am just ready to die of exhaustion," said Mrs. Bertie fretfully. "If I had had any idea we were coming to so wild a place, I would never have set out for it."

Arnold laughed, and glanced at Lucia, who was arranging the wild flowers Franz had gathered for her at their last stopping place.

"You will soon be rested, and then you will enjoy all this wildness. For my part, I like it just now better than tamer scenery. What do *you* say, Miss Winter?"

Without looking toward him, Lucia said very briefly:

"I like mountain scenery, and to get in the midst of so wild a country as this is worth some fatigue."

"You can afford to say that, when you are as strong—as strong as—*anything*," said Mrs. Bertie, at a loss for a comparison, and feeling annoyed—she could scarcely have told why—because Arnold had addressed her companion. He had hitherto been careful not to arouse the jealousy which he saw was ready to spring into life, and throughout the journey he had scarcely noticed Lucia at all.

She, on her part, was anxious to escape notice from him, for she remembered the warning given her by M. Delzac, and she had no suspicion that Mrs. Bertie had already placed her in deadly peril by the communication she had made to her betrothed.

She had conceived an intuitive dread of this bold-faced man, but she had no premonition that he was like a sleuth-hound on her track, and that the first step toward her destruction had been taken by removing her to this lonely place.

Arnold laughed again, and said:

"I will supply you with a comparison, Ada. Miss Winter looks like a blooming Alpine rose, and you like the delicate lily of the valley, of which, in other days, you were so fond. Courage,, my dear one, for in a little while your pilgrimage will be at an end, and comfort and repose be at your command."

He touched his hat and walked on, pondering many thoughts in his scheming mind, which, if known to those he had left behind, would have filled them both with terror.

Unfortunately for Mrs. Bertie's plan of concealment, the desk in which Lucia locked the late communications from New York had slipped from the hands of the courier as he was about to place it in the carriage, when packing it for the journey. The lock broke, and the contents were scattered on the pavement. While Franz was gathering them up, Arnold came out, and aided in replacing them. The legal appearance of one of the papers attracted his attention, and anxious to find out as much as he could of Mrs. Bertie's financial affairs, he slipped it in his pocket unobserved, and perused it when he again found himself alone.

At first, his anger and disappointment were so great that, but for his pledge to settle Lucia's fate, he would have left his cousin at once, regardless of consequences to her.

Such love as he had once felt for Ada Warren was long since dead and buried. In her brightest days he would never have thought of her as his wife but for the wealth which he believed would certainly be hers, for she was an only daughter, and he believed his uncle's anger would be short-lived when they were once married.

He had come to her now at her own summons, induced to do so by the lure of the great fortune which had fallen to her, and after all, it was only hers on the condition that she should give up all thoughts of a union with himself. The income she could claim as his wife appeared quite contemptible to a man of his habits, and with the knowledge of the truth vanished all thoughts of marriage with a woman who had ceased to have any attraction for him, in spite of her devotion to himself.

Silly, faded, and still, he believed, half demented, Arnold resented the attempt at deception on the part of Mrs. Bertie, and thought the punishment that awaited her well deserved; but he was very careful not to betray what was passing in his mind. He was more attentive than before to the caprices of his fair betrothed; but all the time he was contrasting her silly airs and imperious exactions with the simple grace and quiet independence of the young girl for whom she was so fine a foil.

Lucia treated him with perfect indifference. She felt slightly repelled by him, but she had no premonition of danger from his presence; but for the last day or two she had been annoyed by the expression of his eyes when her own by chance encountered them. His said, plainly enough, "I love you," and she noticed that, at such times, Mrs. Bertie was never in a position to watch him. She felt hot and indignant at the thought that this man should presume on her position to insult her by looks of love, when he was on his way to the marriage altar with his betrothed.

Arnold soon found it impossible to catch her eye at all, and she treated him with such measured coolness that he would have been deeply enraged had he not felt that she was so completely in his power

That Lucia was the heiress of [illegible] nold was convinced, and he argued with himself that a young, lovely, and sensible woman was to be preferred before a *passée* fool, even if their worldly advantages were equal; but when he discovered that he was to be duped into a marriage with the latter, his disgust culminated in a determination to make an exchange of brides, and permit Lucia to redeem her life at the price of accepting his hand.

With no other alternative left her, he never doubted his success in eventually bearing her off in triumph; and to evade the pursuit of Crimin, and keep her in safety till all danger from his machinations was past, he believed he could easily accomplish.

Maturing these treacherous plans in his mind, Arnold walked briskly forward, and gained the plateau on which the castle was built some time before the tired horses achieved the ascent.

To a poet, or painter, the first object of interest would have been the magnificent panorama spread beneath him; but to Arnold, the wild mountain peaks, circling away in the distance, with lovely valleys lying in peaceful repose between them, touched into new beauty now by the glow of a brilliant sunset, afforded no delight. His mundane spirit claimed no kindred with the majesty of nature in her grandest moods, and he turned from the view to examine the house which was to shelter him for a season, and judge of its capacity to accommodate the party in comfort.

The Schloss, or Castle, derived its name from two decayed towers built in the middle ages, and fortified as well as possible in those times against the attacks of the robber bands which ravaged every European land in those dark and dreary days. These were connected by a heavy wall pierced with loop-holes that commanded the old road by which the castle was approached; but the whole had been suffered to fall into decay—one tower still standing in tolerable preservation, the other half fallen, and its materials made use of to build the modern hunting lodge which stood on the opposite side of the open area which comprised about a dozen acres in extent. A part of this was devoted to a vegetable garden, the remainder was overgrown with a jungle of shrubbery and stunted looking trees.

The house itself had been built within the last thirty years, and was only used by its owner in the hunting season. It had no pretensions to architectural elegance, for it was a low-browed, square structure, built of rough stones, with a wide hall running through the centre with three rooms opening from it on either side.

In this hall there was an immense fireplace, and it was evidently intended as the gathering place of the hunters when there was a party of them there. There were rough seats to lounge on, and a sideboard with an array of empty bottles and drinking cups upon it.

Arnold stood in the open door-way, and surveyed the interior with some dismay, for if the rest of the lodge corresponded with this, he feared that his cousin would insist on leaving the place as soon as was practicable. He uttered a loud whistle, intended to express his annoyance, and at the sound a door in the lower end of the hall opened, and a middle-aged woman, in peasant costume, came out with an expression of surprise on her stolid face. She asked, in German:

"Did the gentleman whistle in place of knocking? I am the housekeeper, and all is ready for the ladies who are coming."

Arnold shook his head, and pointed toward the road, saying, in his own language:

"You needn't waste your gibberish on me. Don't know anything about the infernal lingo. Show me some better place than this for the accommodation of ladies."

His gestures probably made his last words intelligible, for the woman came forward and threw open the door communicating with a suit of apartments simply but comfortably fitted up. The first was a sitting-room, and behind it lay two sleeping chambers, with a small dressing-room between them. On the other side of the hall the apartments were appropriated to domestic uses, but the front one had been cleared from the grain that had been stored in it, and a temporary couch put up for Arnold's use. Franz was to find accommodations in the low-roofed attic in which the man and woman who took care of the place had their own apartments.

Fraulein Myer explained all this in a voluble manner to Arnold, though he could only understand her meaning from the gestures she made, and he was glad when the carriage at length drew up in front of the door and the ladies alighted.

Lucia paused a moment to look out on the scene spread before her with delighted rapture in her expressive eyes, but her enjoyment was cut short by an imperious summons from Mrs. Bertie to act as interpreter between herself and Mrs. Myer.

The latter assured them that everything had been prepared for their reception by the orders of her master, and supper would be served in as brief a time as possible. She showed them their apartments, which were delicately clean, and fragrant with the odor of the fir boughs with which the fireplaces were filled.

Mrs. Bertie dismissed the woman with orders to have the evening meal served as soon as possible, as she was half famished; and throwing herself upon a wide chintz-covered sofa in the outer room, she drearily said:

"I am sure I don't know what possessed me to wish to come to such an out of the way place as this. I declare I feel as if something awful is going to happen before we can get away from here."

"Nonsense, Ada," said Arnold, almost brusquely. "You are so fanciful, and so hard to please, that it is difficult to know what will suit you."

Mrs. Bertie, who was really exhausted and nervous, burst into tears at these unexpected words, and Lucia looked at the speaker in surprise, for this was the first time he had ventured to show the irritation toward his cousin which had been gathering strength throughout the whole journey.

Arnold caught the expression, and muttered in what he intended to be an apologetic tone, to be heard by her alone:

"Excuse me, Miss Winter; but my patience with that complaining idiot is exhausted. But for *your* presence, this whole journey would have been a martyrdom to me. If you were not an angel of forbearance, you would long since have ceased to care for her whims."

Lucia drew back so haughtily, and regarded him with such chilling astonishment, that even Arnold was a little abashed, though he ground his teeth with rage, and mentally resolved that he would lose no time in showing her that he was the arbiter of her fate, and that there was no escape for her from this lonely place unless she left it as his wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Ingratitude is a kind of mental weakness. I have never seen an able man who was ungrateful.

DINNERS OF TONGUES.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The rich, hospitable Zanthus
Ordered a majestic banquet,
Where the *best* things of the market
Should be spread in opulence.
So the Steward did his bidding.
At the feast, in large throng guested,
First and second and third courses,
The removes and the side-dishes
Were but tongues, and tongues unceasing.
Zanthus thundered out his passion:
"I did order the *best* dishes
That the market stalls afforded."
"Sir, I *have* obeyed your order,"
Answer made him then the Steward.
"Is not tongue the bond of socials,
Key of Science, of Truth organ,
Ever Reason's own explainer?
By the tongue are cities builded,
Governments established, kept;
With it mankind are instructed,
All assemblies moved, persuaded:
By it we do first of duties,
Praise and adore the Deity."
"Well, then," answered him old Zanthus,
"On the morrow go to market,
And of worst things make the purchase;
So at the grand second banquet
These same guests of entertainment
Shall have change. Obey my order."
It was done, and at the feasting
Came the very self-same dishes.
"What!" the angered master thundered;
"I told you to *worst* things purchase,
And the best again are offered!"
Unabashed, the Steward answers,
"I have *worst:* in man's existence
Tongue is worst as well as best.
'Tis the instrument of contentions,
Lawsuit stirrer, Error's, Falsehood's,
And blasphemer's willing organ."
"Well, it is, my worthy Steward,
And your action gives true lesson,
Crowning well for us my banquet.
Never I find fault again.
Oh that we that true use ever
After this make of the tongue!"
And the guests made loud applause.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I am an old bachelor. At sixty-five I can say I shall never be anything else while I live; but, like all other men—all I have ever met, at least—I have loved, and hoped to be happy with my chosen bride.

That passion, those hopes, faded forty years ago. Since then I have done penance for the hasty act of one night: I have shunned the society of woman, and forbade myself the shadow of a hope that I might patch my tattered joys with new ones.

To none who know me have I ever told the tale. I should have been esteemed a liar, or a madman, and no one would willingly accept such a reputation. To you, unknown reader, I dare to recite the events of those four and twenty hours—events which turned my life into its new well-worn channel, and made me the lonely, hopeless man I am.

At the age of twenty-four I was a clerk in the establishment of Messrs. Carp and Cavil, lawyers. I had energy and ambition, health and opportunity—everything, in fact, that could be wished for by a man who hoped to fight his way up in the world, and win wealth and reputation.

I was engaged to a young lady by the name of Grace Hunter, a pretty, delicate creature, so quiet that her pet name, Snowflake, seemed the only one suitable for her. Her step was noiseless; her movements soft; her voice sweet and low. She never herself entertained a large company by her conversation, or did any of those things that give a woman the reputation for brilliancy; but her mental powers were very fine, and in a *tête-à-tête* she was enchanting. A lady to the heart's core, in my eyes at least, a perfect beauty, she might yet have been forgotten by most men in a room full of giggling, chatting girls.

I adored her. I had felt that her love was a jewel worthy of an emperor's wearing, and I had scarcely dared to utter the words that told her all I felt. Even now her high-bred reserve kept me at a little distance. I was proud of her. I felt unworthy of her. She was at once the saint whom I revered, and the being whom it was to be my delight to cherish and protect until death should part us.

Six months had passed since she had promised to be mine. At the end of six more, she was to give me her hand. I had a small salary, but my grandmother had left me a legacy which would enable us to go to housekeeping in plain but comfortable style, and Grace was willing to fight life's battles by my side.

Life seemed bright and joyous to me on that night of midwinter, forty years ago, when I walked through the city streets with Grace upon my arm, and looking down at her in her white wrappings, with gleams of frosty starlight touching her black hair, wondered if the angels were fairer than she was.

We were going to spend the evening at a mutual friend's residence. There was to be music and dancing and cards, and a sociable supper. I went because Grace desired to go.

Her sole society at her own home was more delightful to me than any other company; but I was young and light of heart, and when I had once entered the lighted parlors I did not sit silent in the corner.

I talked; I sang; I turned the music for musical ladies; I walked through the Lancers. At last I found myself flirting with one of the female guests.

There are women a man is obliged to flirt with. He does not admire them, respect them, or love them one whit; he does not even desire their society; but he must be more than man ere he can refuse to respond to their advances. One of these women, I know now, having played the looker-on for so many years, can make any man appear to other women desperately in love with her, while he almost detests her. A woman of this kind was among the company. She had hands that delighted in soft touches of hands masculine; eyes that could cast glances bright and enchanting. She possessed attraction rather than beauty. What she said was nothing; her conversation had no interest, but I knew that I seemed absorbed by her—that I really was absorbed; in two words, that I flirted abominably with her.

Grace, meanwhile, sat apart from me. She talked to others in her low, sweet tones. Once she sang a pretty love song. Quite calm and self-possessed, with no appearance of noticing my conduct, the thought that it troubled her never occurred to me. So that when the evening was over, and we had left the house together, I was astonished beyond measure to see an offended look upon her face, and to hear an offended tone in her voice. I offered her my arm. She rejected it, replying that the ground was damp, and that her hands were occupied with her dress, but I knew that this was merely an excuse; and feeling myself in the wrong, and having swallowed more wine than I should at the supper table, I grew very angry.

"May I ask what I have done?" I said.

"You know," said Grace.

"I know!" I repeated. "Nay, I know nothing of a woman's fancies. You must explain."

"I scarcely think it worth while," said she. "If you do not know that you have done wrong to-night, I really should not care. You have neglected me, and devoted yourself to that vulgar woman. I heard a lady near me say that you seemed to be tired of your bargain. She thought that you were in love with that creature. So did other people. Under the circumstances, I have a right to feel offended, insulted."

Perhaps she thought I would deny her charge. Perhaps she expected me to plead for pardon. God knows what possessed me. I answered only:

"May I not talk to a pretty woman because I hope to marry you some day?"

"You were flirting—almost making love to her," she replied.

"She is the sort of woman with whom men fall in love," I said. "Irresistible in her manner, I've heard she makes conquests everywhere: I don't doubt it."

Grace looked at me with a stern face—white, in the starlight, as a marble statue.

"Other women are always jealous of such women," I added.

Her lip curled.

"I am not jealous of her," she said. "I would not be like her for a kingdom. She is a terrible woman. But since you admire her so, you are free to tell her so after you have seen me to my door."

"Grace!" I said.

"Miss Hunter, if you please, Mr. Rutherford," said she. "We have both made a little mistake easily rectified; that is all."

I felt, as I stood looking at her, that the effect of the wine I had drank upon me was stronger than I had thought, but I gave no heed to the warning of my giddy head and rapid pulse.

"Just as you please," I said. "I should think that a jealous woman would curse any man's life. I'll go now. I won't trouble you longer. Good-bye."

We were not at the door of her home—we were about half a block from it; but I turned on my heel then and there, and left her. I staggered a little as I walked, and I was hot and angry. I made my way home, and without undressing, fell upon my bed and dropped asleep.

In two hours I awakened sober. I sat up and looked about me. The scenes of the evening recurred to me vividly. I saw how blameworthy I had been, and a terrible grief possessed me. I put my head down upon my hands and burst into bitter tears. I had lost her, and with her all that made life precious. Then hope dawned upon my soul. I would write to her; tell her how, unused to liquor as I was, the wine had affected me. I would tell her that to my sober self there was no charm in the woman who had seemed to enchant me the evening before. I would draw the comparison that I felt so keenly between her pure self and that bold-eyed flirt. I would pray for forgiveness, and she would forgive me.

Springing to my feet, I rushed to my desk. I drew from it pen and paper. I wrote a letter overflowing with remorse and tenderness. I read it and re-read it. Then leaving it lying upon the spot where it was written, I stood at the window waiting for the tardy dawn, jealous of the slow hours that kept my missive from my darling.

The night was at its stillest. The stars were bright as ever, but the moon had set.

I had put out my candle when I left my desk, and the room should have been dark; but as I turned my head, after a long and anxious revery, I saw that it was full of a pale radiance like that of moonlight. It startled me. Whence did the light come? Had a miracle occurred—had the moon risen again?

Suddenly, amid this silvery light appeared a still whiter radiance. It slowly took form. A female figure, in white garments so bright that they dazzled the eyes, stood bending over my letter.

I remained motionless—to speak or stir was not in my power—and gazed on the strange object with terrified intensity. The figure seemed to turn the pages of my letter with its transparent hand. I heard a gentle sigh; then the head turned toward me, and I saw a face I knew—the face that seemed the loveliest of all on earth to me, endowed with a mysterious and divine beauty for which no man could find words—the glorified face of sweet Grace Hunter.

At the sight I burst the bonds which held me—bonds as tangible as though I could have seen them—and rushed forward. I strove to clasp my love, or her shadow, in my arms. A shock such as one might experience from an electrical machine flashed through me, and I fell powerless to the floor.

When I recovered the day had dawned, and under the blue morning sky the city had awakened; but my day never dawned again. My heart never awoke to life's sweetness.

To end this story in a few short words, Grace Hunter never reached her home that night, and never was heard of again. The family imagined that she had remained with her friends, and were not anxious about her. I had left her within sight of her own door, and why she did not reach it I shall never know. But I do know that in some woeful manner she died that night, and that her parting spirit paused in its flight to bid me a long farewell.

I have outlived my youth, and the suspicion that fell upon me and imbittered many years of my existence; but I never shall outlive my love for Grace Hunter, or my remorse for that night's woeful work. I shall never outlive the knowledge that, in the madness caused by wine and an evil woman's enchantment, I was the cause of my darling's unknown death.

THE PRINCE AND THE CHARITY-BOY.

The Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV., having served well and faithfully through a long and active apprenticeship in the British Navy, was, in 1786, from the recommendation of absolute personal merit, raised to the rank of post-captain, and appointed to the command of the frigate *Pegasus.* It was on a bright morning in April, when the Prince, having received his commission and his ship, was on his way to his tailor's, in Plymouth, to get the new uniform which he had ordered. At a street corner he saw a boy crying, and stopped to inquire the cause. The lad looked up through his tears, revealing a handsome, winning, and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the streets.

"Where is your father?" asked the Prince.

"He was lost in the *Sussex,* on the Cornwall coast, two years ago."

"And you have no friends?"

"Not a friend in the world, sir."

"Then I must find one for you. How old are you?"

"I am twelve,—almost thirteen."

"How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?"

The boy's face brightened as he answered that he should like it very well.

The Prince took out his pocket-book and wrote something upon a slip of paper, which he gave to the boy, with a shilling.

"Go down to the dock," he said, "and with this shilling you will hire a boatman to carry you off to the *Pegasus.* When you get on board the ship you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you. Cheer up, my lad. Show me that you have a true heart, and you shall surely find a true friend."

Murmuring his thanks as best he could, the lad took the shilling and the paper and went his way. Arrived on board the *Pegasus,* the officer of the deck received him kindly, and sent him to sit upon a gun-carriage under the break of the poop. In less than an hour the Prince came off in his new uniform, and the boy was strangely moved upon discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was none other than William, Duke of Clarence, and captain of the frigate.

The boy, whose name proved to be Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where his highness questioned him until satisfied of his worthiness, and forthwith he ordered the lad to be rated as a midshipman, and from his own purse he procured an outfit. During the voyage to the American coast the Prince became strongly attached to his youthful protégé, keeping him about his person continually, and instructing him in general branches of education, as well as in the principles of seamanship.

Time passed on, and the boy grew to be a man, and his heart had been true; and in the after years, when William was king, he signed with his own hand the commission which made Albert Doyer a Rear Admiral; and he exclaimed, as he put his signature to the document,—

"There,—if I have done a good deed for England it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man!" S. C., JR.

SCIENCE.

It will be remembered that a Swiss astronomer named Plantamour predicted that the earth would be destroyed on the 12th of August, 1872, by contact with a comet. Mr. Richard A. Proctor, referring to this prediction, in *St. Paul's,* tells the following admirable story, which he says, moreover, is strictly true: "In a certain house in Sheffield, Monday, August 12, had been appointed a great washing day. On the morning of the day, the housekeeper asked for an interview with her master on the subject of the comet. She begged to know if it were really true that the world was to be destroyed on that day. Receiving assurances to the contrary, she expressed some degree of satisfaction. 'But, sir,' she said, 'though what you say may be very true, might it not be just as well *to put off the washing till to-morrow?*' Whether she thought a washing day unsuitable for the comet's visit, or that a good cleaning up would be desirable on the day after the visit, deponent sayeth not."

In advocating the project to send a British exploring expedition to the north polar regions, Dr. Hooker told the Chancellor of the Exchequer that many and most valuable additions to botanical knowledge might be obtained within the Arctic circle. From the discoveries which have been made of fossil trees, he said, it would appear to be proved that trees of the same nature and species had existed in Europe, Asia, and in Japan, and that enormous forests of the same kind had once flourished in Arctic lands. As an instance of the existence of animal life in the far north, Admiral Ommaney mentioned the fact that one whaler had caught 270 salmon in a fiord above the 80th parallel of north latitude.

One of the few European light-houses illuminated by means of the electric light is that at Dungeness, on the English coast, near which occurred the recent awful disaster to the emigrant ship *Northfleet,* by which over three hundred lives were lost. The light is so brilliant, however, that several wrecks have been caused by reason of the inability of mariners, when their vessels were near the light-house, to distinguish objects between themselves and the shore. The Beacons at the mouth of the Thames, known as the South Foreland Lights, which were established in 1634, have been provided with electric apparatus, and hereafter will be lighted in the same manner.

The treatment of premature mental decay produced by over-work was discussed at a recent meeting of the Medical Society of London. The President, Dr. Thomas Bryant, thought it was rather over-worry than over-work that was injurious to the full-grown brain. Neglect of ordinary hygienic rules, accompanied by worry and much work, was injurious. He expressed the opinion that over-work, though injurious to the young, was not so to the adult. Dr. Routh said that worry in itself was evidence of failing power. Anything which exhausted phosphorus in the brain caused a diminution of mental power.

The comparative merits of chloroform and ether as anæsthetic agents being recently before the Surgical Society of Ireland for discussion, it was stated by one of the members, that while only one death had occurred in 23,204 cases of ether inhalation, one death in 2,500 cases was reported from chloroform. A well-known practitioner was quoted as having stated that although he had himself chloroformed upward of 6,000 cases, nothing would induce him to submit to its influence.

Several actual glaciers exist in the Merced group of mountains adjacent to the valley of the Yosemite in California, and have been examined by Mr. John Muir, who describes them in the *Overland Monthly.* The largest, near Mount McClure, is half a mile long, and about the same distance in width at the broadest place. It has a progressive motion of one inch per day.

Lightning and lightning conductors were the subject of discussion at a recent meeting of the Society of Telegraph Engineers. In the course of the debate, a gentleman present said that for the purpose of attracting lightning from a passing cloud, a gas jet, flaming from the mouth of a tall pipe, is far more effectual than a pointed metallic rod.

Professor Duncan, in a lecture at the South Kensington Museum recently, stated that astronomers are beginning to assert the presence of a universal atmosphere, extremely rare and fine, which occupies the spaces between the planets and the sun.

It is probable that the largest of the asteroids, or minor planets—Vesta—has a diameter of about two hundred miles, or at the most, two hundred and sixty miles. So says Mr. Richard A. Proctor in a recent essay.

The plan of plunging diseased meat into carbolic acid, so as to unfit it for butchers' purposes, has been adopted by some of the London health officers in the case of seizures made at the markets.

A German botanist claims to have ascertained that the "Garab" trees on which the captive Israelites hung their harps at ancient Babylon, were not willows at all, but poplars.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. H. (New York) says: "I address you this note, because I look upon you as a friend to all who have no other friends to advise them. I think I am, to a certain extent, one of that unfortunate class. I am nineteen years old, and am possessed of good health and an ordinary education. I am employed in a wholesale store as porter, at fair wages. I can never rise to any higher position in this store, and therefore wish to obtain an education of a commercial character. Now I would like you to tell me how to act. I expect to save during 1873 two hundred dollars, and I am offered a thorough training at a business college—board, tuition, etc., included—for $125. My parents can spare me from home, if I can raise that amount. Now, what shall I do—continue as porter, and invest my money profitably? or go to the college? The college also offers to obtain a situation, after I have graduated? Please notice this, and you shall have my hearty and sincere thanks." The offer of the business college to give a pupil a thorough business training or education for $125, with "board, etc., included," looks suspicious. It would take at least a year to give you a fair business education, and no college could train, board "and so forth" you for a year for that price. You would probably find, on completing your hundred and twenty-five dollar term, that you had just begun to make a little progress in your business education, instead of having been thoroughly trained in it. Then would come other terms, and all manner of extras for books, paper, and other supplies, probably amounting, in all, to hundreds of dollars. The offer to obtain a situation for you, after you shall have graduated, is not to be relied upon either. Your best way would be to keep your present situation, save your money, and attend some good evening school in the city. When you get ready for promotion, and come to seek for it, you will find it to be a great advantage to have established a reputation for industry and faithfulness where you are now employed.

VIRGINIA says: "I should like to ask you a few questions. When a young gentleman wishes to go home with you, and you do not wish him to, what reply should you make, provided no other gentleman offers to go home with you? 2. Which side of an envelope should you break on opening a letter? 3. When a young gentleman comes home with a person some evening, what should the young lady say? and is it proper to invite him to call? 4. A young gentleman has written to me, and wishes me to correspond with him. Now, I do not wish to, as I think he is a great flirt, and I do not like him. Now what reason can I give him for not answering his letters? By answering these questions you will greatly oblige. 5. Also by telling me if my writing is very bad." 1. Say you are much obliged, but prefer to go alone. 2. The side, above the address, or the end, may be opened at pleasure. There is no law on the subject. 3. Say, "I am much obliged, and thank you for your courtesy." Invite him to call if you wish it. 4. Tell him you have a decided objection to correspondence that has no moral purpose in it. Life is too short for writing for writing's sake. "Tell truth, and shame the devil." Acting on this advice of the immortal Shakespeare, we are obliged to say to your fifth question, Yes.

MYRTIE M. (Beaufort, N. C.) says: "I have often read your answers to correspondents, and though I have never yet sought information myself, I sometimes profit by that given to others. But now I have ventured to write and ask a question or two, which I trust you will give a moment's thought, and answer through the columns of your valuable paper. First, Was there ever a rainbow previous to the flood? Of course there were the same philosophical causes then as now. But God said He would send the rainbow as a token that the world should not again be destroyed by water. Please give me your views of the matter. Second, What rule does etiquette give for turning down the corner of a note, and is there a difference in turning down one to a married or single person?" The bow was first "set" as a token of the Covenant, after the deluge. Whether it existed before or not, is a matter for reasoning upon. It is every way likely it existed before. Bread and wine existed before the Lord's Supper was appointed. As to the turning down of the corner of a card or letter, it would mean that it was left by you in person. Sometimes a card is turned down, to show it is meant for the whole family.

MYRTLE says: "As a constant reader and great admirer of your valuable paper, I come to you for advice. I am nearly eighteen. There is a young man here whom I love very dearly, and who, I think, loves me; but here is the trouble: he does not move in good society; has never been to see me; and his occupation is not very honorable. My friends have all given me advice, which I know is good and wholesome; but still *I love him.* Our only chance of seeing each other is on the street and at church. Other young men, who are desirous of calling on me, are kept back by the report that I am engaged. Now, what course ought I to pursue? Of late I have avoided speaking to him, hoping to soon forget him; but it seems that I cannot. My father and mother are opposed to him. Must I cling to him, or forget him? Please answer, and relieve an aching heart." You should talk the matter over freely, frankly and affectionately with your mother, who it is to be hoped has judgment enough and love enough for you to give you better advice than you are likely to get from any stranger who does not know all the surroundings of the case.

OLIVER (Pittsburg) says: *"I write to you for* advice. I have received a common-school education, but I am not satisfied. I am ambitious; I want to be somebody. My situation and circumstances are such that I cannot go to college, and I wish to ask you if you think it possible for me to educate myself? If so, what should I study, and what books should I read?" It is impossible to advise you with a statement of your ambition that is so vague. We should know your idea of a "somebody." If you are a dry goods clerk, the advice that would suit you, would be quite unsuitable if you are apprentice to an apothecary. In general we can only say, get a good store of what may be called *professional* knowledge, and having gained that, add to it as much discursive and general information as you can. And as to being "somebody," remember the highest chimney about Pittsburg is built by laying each brick rightly on the one below it. Do to the best of your ability the duties of each day, without thinking much of your elevation in the year 1893. There is a good deal of bricklaying in the air.

SILVER WEDDING (Kingston) says: "Will you please inform me, through the columns of your valuable paper, all that you know about silver weddings? What is the custom regarding the same, and what etiquette is to be observed? Are married people only invited? Are the parties remarried? By giving me all the information you can, or referring me to some proper book where I can obtain the same, you will oblige a reader of your excellent weekly." You forget what we owe to all our other correspondents. "All we know" on this subject would fill the two columns. We content ourselves with saying that a silver wedding is an entertainment given by a couple at the end of twenty-five years of married life, to which they invite their friends, married and single, and receive their congratulations, and such gifts in silver as their guests present. It is often pleasant to the receivers of the gifts, we presume; but personally we should think it a slightly embarrassing ceremony. We use this phrase from a general impression that it might not be nice to say "a great bore."

HEART-BROKEN (New York) writes to us that within the last few months his wife has got into the habit of devoting more time and attention, in the way of chat and gossip, to another woman's husband than she does to her own. He—HEART-BROKEN—cannot get a chance to mingle in the conversation, as his wife and her neighbor pay no attention to him when he attempts to join in their discourse. He says his "heart and soul have been wrapped up in his wife," and that he has done everything he could for her comfort and happiness; and yet she now neglects him in all sorts of annoying ways, that she may entertain this new friend of a few months' standing. "Please advise me what to do," he says, "for her conduct is breaking my heart." You should kindly but firmly try to show her the evil and the danger of her indiscreet conduct. It may be mere thoughtlessness on her part. She is certainly pursuing a very wrong course, if what you say is true. Show her this answer, and let her take warning, and amend her ways in time.

H. C. (Baltimore) says: "You will confer a favor by answering, through the columns of your paper, an oft disputed question. Is the word *at* ever allowable at the end of a sentence? Relying on your judgment and superior knowledge, I appeal to you." Shakespeare (Othello, Act IV. Scene II.) says:

* * * "But alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at—
O! O!
Yet I could bear that too."

To be sure it might be said this is not a formal—but it is a virtual—ending of a sentence. However, as we are not all Shakespeares, it is a good rule not to end a sentence with a short particle such as "at." Reduced to prose, this sentence would run, "A fixed figure at which the hand of scorn points with slow, unmoving finger."

J. M. (Crystal Springs, Miss.) says: "Will you be so kind as to answer me in your paper if I can hire a deaf and dumb lady to teach my daughter, one that can teach familiar science, arithmetic, geography, grammar and rhetoric; what salary she will charge, and what place I will address her? I can give satisfactory reference, if necessary." We see no difficulty in the way of your procuring such a teacher: terms must be learnt by correspondence. Write to the Institution, West One Hundred and Sixty-second street, Bloomingdale Road, New York city, and the Association 642 Seventh Avenue, New York city, stating your wants; also to the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, West Eighteenth street, New York city.

STUDENT (Boonville) says: "I am so unfortunate as to differ with a friend in forming the plural to treatise. I had supposed the singular and plural alike. My friend thinks the plural is formed by the addition of *s.* Which is right? If you will favor us with your opinion, you will oblige a reader of the *Ledger.*" The word would form its plural naturally, by adding "s." As this sound however is a little difficult, we would prefer to use the simpler word "books," and so save breath and time, and promote euphony.

STEWARTSVILLE (New Jersey) says: Please have the kindness to inform several of the readers of the *Ledger* in this place in what part of Shakespeare's works the following passages may be found, namely, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' And 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in, bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.'" The plays of Julius Cæsar (Act IV.) and of Hamlet (Act I.) respectively, contain your quotations.

ROSAMOND (Alexandria, Maryland) says: "Some friends and myself have had a dispute as to the pronunciation of the name Eyre. We leave it to you to decide for us. Please inform us, through your paper, as soon as convenient." There are two pronunciations of the name Eyre, namely, *ire* and *air.* We prefer *ire,* but any one can pronounce it *air* without exposing himself to the charge of ignorance.

SOLICITOUS (Wisconsin) says: "When at home I reside in New York city, but on account of my health I have spent the past year in Wisconsin, and have been boarding with a distant relative, the son of the family. A young man, twenty-eight years of age, a third cousin of mine, has been paying me undivided attentions. Since my arrival here he has never spoken to me of love for me, but has always tried to do that which he thought would please me most. I love him sincerely, and often think I am not doing justice to myself in being so much in his company. The more I see him the more I am convinced of my deep love for him. Do you think it right for him to be so attentive? Some people think we are engaged, and rumors have been afloat of our being married. He is knowing to all of this. Now would you think it proper for me to ask his intentions, or refuse to accompany him? I have no other company here, and would often have to go alone or stay at home. He is considered a fine young man, of good standing in society. He feels that his company would be received by any of the young ladies of the place. I do not doubt it, he being conceited, as most young men of this day are. I have not, by word or action, expressed to him my attachment. Rather than show my love and have it spurned, I would prefer to have it smoulder in my own keeping unrevealed. I am a young girl, twenty years of age, an only child, and away from my parents. I wish you would advise me as you would an own daughter." Be prudent and patient. You must employ some of that woman's tact, of which there is no lack, to ascertain how he feels and means to act, without any formal asking of his intentions. We are sorry you have found "the young men of this day so conceited;" but it is delightful to see so much calm philosophy in a young lady of twenty. If this one proposes, please pity and reform him.

DEAF (Indiana) says: "Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, it occurred to me that you were the most likely person to give me information on the following subject: I am a German by birth, and have been deaf since my arrival in this country in the year 1854. I can write and read English, but can't speak it, as I never heard the language spoken in my life, and it being so differently pronounced from German, it is very difficult for one who never heard it spoken to learn to speak it correctly. Now this defect makes itself felt very badly every day in my transactions with other people. I have been in business several times, but did not succeed, as I had not the means to converse fluently with my customers, and had to be dependent in this particular on others. I have read in the papers that there are in your city people who can teach such unfortunates as I am how to understand what other people say by the movement of their lips. I have a little money, and would gladly spend it if I could learn to talk and understand in this way; but not being acquainted with any such party, you would do me a great favor if you would send me the address of any such you know of." There is an "Association for the Instruction of Death Mutes" in this city, which has been successful in teaching deaf and dumb children to talk. We know nothing of the terms or rules of the Association. By addressing a letter to the President of the Association for the Instruction of Deaf Mutes, New York city, you might obtain such information as you desire.

A. A. (Brooklyn) asks: "Will you please tell me where I may find, in the Bible, where Lucifer is said to have been cast out of Heaven? 2. What is the proper way to pronounce the word Ghent? Is it pronounced gent, as in *gent*leman, or otherwise? 3. How is the word Cleopatra pronounced?—Cle-o-pa-tra, or Cle-op-atra? 4. How is the word cherubim pronounced? Is the ch hard or soft?" 1. It is not said in the Bible, in express terms, that Lucifer was "cast out of Heaven." In Isaiah, xiv. 12, it is said: "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground that didst weaken the nations!" And in Luke x. 17, 18, it is recorded: "And the seventy returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from Heaven." This last passage is sometimes incorrectly quoted, "I beheld Lucifer," etc.; and your idea that the Bible somewhere says that "Lucifer was *cast out* of Heaven," probably comes from an indistinct hearing or memory of one or the other of these texts. 2. Ghent is pronounced with the hard sound of g, as in *go,* or *gay.* 3. Cleopatra is pronounced Cle-o-*pay*-tra. 4. The word cherubim is pronounced so that the first syllable sounds the same as the first syllable in cherry or cherish.

PRINCE (Memphis) says: "I have been married three years, and get along pleasantly with my wife. I believe there is that mutual love existing between us to make any couple happy. I am engaged in the mercantile business, and doing well. My business forces me sometimes to town after night. I attend to it as quickly as possible, and return home to enjoy the society of my wife as much as possible; but she seriously objects to my going away from home after night, and talks pretty plain to me, when *I* return, about neglecting her, etc. Please tell me, through your paper, do I do wrong, or not, in attending to my business matters sometimes after night? or is my wife justified in her course? Your answer will have the effect to change one or the other of us." If you have proper business, which can only be done after nightfall, your wife ought not to object to your leaving her so far, particularly if your habits have been, and are, of that steady and uniform good character that inspire confidence.

CONSTANT READER (Fort Collins, Laramie Co., Colorado) says: "Your valued opinion is particularly requested touching the *grammatical construction* of the following sentence, an extract from the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* 'The ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical in this country.' The point of dispute as to its correctness is, whether or not the word 'powerful' should read powerfully. I have quoted the sentence as it reads. Your opinion of it, through the column of answers to correspondents in the *Ledger,* will be looked for anxiously at an early date, if you please." We see nothing grammatically wrong in this *part* of a sentence. "Powerfully illustrated" would not be an elegant phrase, and would suggest a different meaning from the writer's, which obviously was, that of all the illustrated journals in the country, that of which he spoke was the ablest and most powerful. The only mistake we see is in applying the language to any other publication than the *Ledger.*

A SUBSCRIBER (Mecklenburg Co., N. C.) says: "Please inform me, through your column of correspondence, the exact cost at which you can furnish me the *Ledgers* containing the stories of Mrs. Harriet Lewis entitled, 'The Sundered Hearts,' 'The Bailiff's Scheme,' and 'The Double Life.' The accomplished pen of Mrs. Lewis wins, most justly, all its share of our hearts; and we think her chapters so short, we never tire of anything she has to say. Our *Ledger* is indeed a part of home." The price of the back numbers of the *Ledger* containing the above-named stories is three dollars and eighty-four cents. They also contain many other continued stories by our popular contributors, besides a great variety of short stories, sketches, poems, editorials, Notices to Correspondents, etc. None of Mrs. Lewis' stories has been, or will be published in book form. They can only be had in the *Ledger.*

IDA AND NINA (Barnwell, S. C.) say: "You will much oblige us by giving a little advice in your next. 1. Is it proper, when young ladies are travelling alone, to accept fruit from gentlemen unknown to them? 2. Ought they to engage in a game of cards with the same? 3. When a young lady receives presents from a gentleman before he addresses her, and afterward rejects him, should she return them?" They had better not accept fruit from unknown gentlemen; they should never play cards with them; and as to the third, no gentleman would *demand* such presents; but if demanded, no lady would wish to retain them. She is under no obligation to return them of her own accord, for it may be assumed that she will esteem as a friend, though she does not marry, the man who pays her the highest compliment in his power.

ALLIE FERNS (Winona, Minn.) says: "As I am confined to the house with rheumatism, and unable to participate in most of the enjoyments of my companions, I should like to take up drawing as a study. Can you give me any information as to the methods with which I should be most likely to succeed without a teacher? I should like to learn to sketch, and also portrait drawing. By answering through the *Ledger* soon, you will confer a favor." By writing to a respectable bookseller you can obtain an elementary book on "drawing;" practice, and ascertain what your tastes and aptitudes are. There is a set of "shilling" books, from England, that would serve your purpose to begin with. They can be had through the vendors of artists' materials.

ADA says: "I am a girl, twenty-one years old. Could a brother of mine, who has been married ten years, and who has always squandered his earnings in dissipation, claim what little property our father has, in case of his death, when the mother and younger members of the family have always been industrious and saving?" Should your father die without making a will, the brother referred to could claim and get his share of the property. Your father should make his will and bestow the property on those to whom he thinks it ought to go after his death.

STUDENT (Troy, N. Y.) says: "I wish to take up a course of historical reading, but do not know which authors are considered the best, and do not know where to go for information, unless it is to the *Ledger.* What books on American and United States history would you recommend? I have been told that Bancroft enters too much into the particulars. Your advice will be received thankfully." Bancroft's history is one of the best we have. Begin with that, and by the time you get through with it, you will know what other histories to obtain.

E. N. (Galena) says: "Will you please inform me which of the following expressions is correct: for instance, if I were about to make a trip to New York, and should write you to that effect, should I say, 'I am going to New York,' or 'I am coming to New York?'" In the case you mention, "I am coming to New York" would be the correct form of expression. If you were to write to some one in Chicago that you were about to visit this city, then the phrase, "I am going to New York" would be the one to use.

P. C. B. (Graves County, Ky.)—We know nothing of the firm of jewellers that you mention, but we do know that nobody who is honest can afford to send you "a good Parisian watch for four dollars, which will keep excellent time." If you want a watch, buy it of some jeweller whom you know, and pay a fair price for it. A stranger is not very likely to give you "something for nothing."

A. S. (Hardin, Mo.) says: "Please answer through the columns of your paper the following: What is the meaning of the word Mardi gras, and whence its origin?" *Mardi gras* is a French name for Shrove-Tuesday, which is the Tuesday preceding the first day of Lent, or Ash-Wednesday.

THEODORE (Baltimore) wishes to know which is the better trade, that of blacksmith or that of coppersmith. It is entirely a matter of taste. We think, however, that iron is a preferable metal to work in to copper.

TWO READERS ask: "Was Vice-President Richard M. Johnson's wife a colored woman?" It has always been said, and we never saw it contradicted, that she had African blood in her veins.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*